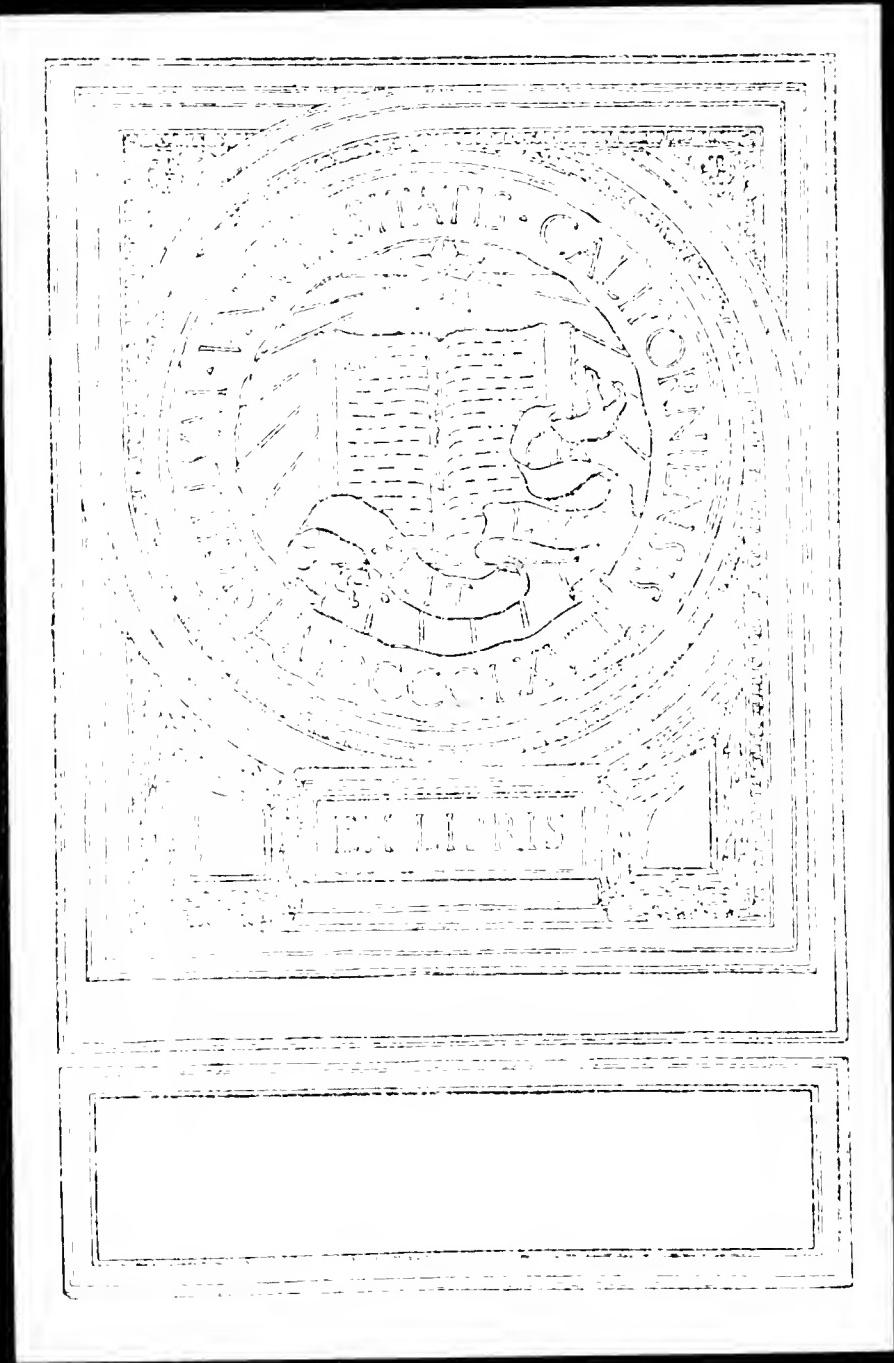


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MacTERNAN PRIZE ESSAYS,

No. I.

PRÓS GAEDEALAÍ.

IRISH PROSE,

BY

REV. PATRICK S. DINNEEN,

PUBLISHED FOR

The Society for the Preservation of the
Irish Language.

DUBLIN :

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1902.

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AR SON DUALSE MIC TRÍSEARNÁIN—I.

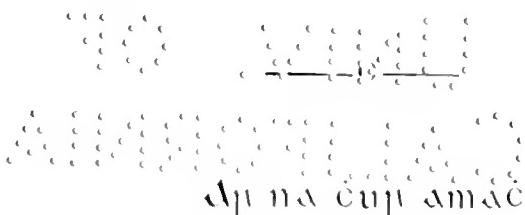
PRÓS GAEÓEALAC.

Trácht i nGaeóilg, maille le n-a airtriuig aibh
i mbéapla, agus Foclóir.

leif an

ΔΤΔΙΡ ΡΔΩΡΛΙΓ ΉΛ ΟΥΙΝΝΙΝ.

Uisnáir “Cóimheas Uí Chonaill,” “Cille hÁigine,” &c.



DO

Cumann Buaile-Cóimheasta na Gaeóilge.

I mbáile-átha-cliat:

Le

M. H. Gill & Mac, i sráid uí Chonaill.

1902.

MacTernan Prize Essays--I.

IRISH PROSE,

AN ESSAY IN IRISH WITH TRANSLATION IN
ENGLISH AND A VOCABULARY,

BY

REV. PATRICK DINNEEN,

Author of "CORMAC O'CONNELL," "KILLARNEY," &c.



THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE
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PREFACE.

THE following Essay on “Irish Prose” owes its existence to the generosity of Very Rev. Fr. Stephen MacTernan, P.P., who placed a hundred pounds in the hands of the Council of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, with a view to procuring two essays in Irish, dealing with the entire field of Irish literature. The vastness of the subject chosen, and the limitation as to the length of the Essay, made the task one of great difficulty. An adequate treatment of early Irish prose literature alone would require several volumes. A difficulty, too, which at first sight seemed insurmountable, arose from the entire absence in modern Irish of the technical terms which are the ordinary stock in trade of the literary historian and critic. But a beginning must be made in this direction, and aesthetic criticism must be cultivated in Irish, if that language is to make good its claim to be heard as a living speech amid the babel of European tongues. Indeed, there is no greater want at the present moment to the student of Irish, than a sound, sympathetic, literary appreciation of Irish literature, whether ancient or modern. No literature with which I am acquainted requires more exceptional treatment or more careful handling than

ours. Ancient Irish literature stands alone, at once the relic and record of a distinct, unique and isolated civilization. It would be uncritical to judge “The Bruidhen Da Derga,” for instance, as one might judge the *Aeneid*. It bears, indeed, marks of distinct kinship with the Plays of Aeschylus; but it is far less important to dwell on its remote resemblances to the great classic masterpieces, than to study carefully and sympathetically the work itself. Modern Irish literature, both prose and verse is unique and isolated, and refuses to reveal its beauties to those who approach it with minds set in fixed grooves by the reading of modern European writers, and with a stock of conventional phrases drawn from manuals of literature.

A distinct and isolated literature connotes a distinct and isolated civilization, and a distinct and isolated race. We cannot study the characteristics of a race or civilization if we come to their literary monuments with a stock of pre-conceived conventionalities. Our literature must be taken as a whole, we must study its rise, development and decline. We must trace the marks of unmistakable identity that it reveals at different periods, we must study it in the concrete, as it is the direct outcome of periods of peaceful prosperity or of religious enthusiasm, or again, of a national cataclysm of unexampled violence. Whether Irish literature, taken as a whole, is inferior, say, to German or Spanish literature taken as a whole, is a question that may interest the literary theorist, but it is a question, that to

my thinking is far less important than this: what are the distinct features of Irish literature? What does it tell us of the historic mind of our race? What message does it bear us across centuries of political turmoil, of religious zeal, of fire and blood? It is the voice of vanished generations of our forefathers. It has its faults and weaknesses, no doubt, but a critical study of it will reveal rare beauties of style and language, and a genuine, enthusiastic, overflowing, human sympathy, which, if carefully fostered, is calculated to act on the present generation as a refreshing breeze from the bosom of the west.

páoraig ua quinnín.

CLÁR AN LEABHAR.

	Leabharlaí.
An Chéad Alt.	
Na Seán-úili-rgéalta i gCoitceann
An Tábla hAlt.	2
Togail Buiaróine Dá Theig
An Tríeagf Alt.	18
Úili-rgéalta Óamaeag le Com Chúlann
An Ceathramhád hAlt.	28
Sgéal Fionnuirgeacra
An Cúigeagd hAlt.	40
Círí círuairíge na rgéalaingeacra
An Séigreagd hAlt.	50
Na Annála
An Seachtmaid hAlt.	70
Seachtún Céitinn
An t-Ochtmaid hAlt.	80
An Naomhaid haois déag agus 'n-a óriairí	...
	94

prós gaeðealac.

prós gaeðealač.

—o—

an ceathair alt.

— —

na sean-úir-sgéalta i gcoitcian.

Cialluitgeann þriόr, nó caint r̄fusum̄ta, i gcoitcian, gac̄ aon tráðar r̄fusum̄inne ná fuil i meadair. Do réip̄i ná b̄riόs ſeo áiþum̄igðeairi oibhreac̄a r̄eanc̄air, ḡemealač, agur úrlabria coitcian na n̄daoinnead̄ i meaf̄s oibhreac̄ þriόir. Acht tá b̄riόs eile leif̄ an ӯfocal ná tógann an m̄éid̄ f̄in ari f̄ao ifteac̄. Cialluitgeann r̄é r̄fusum̄inn nó oíráid̄ ceapum̄igðe le ḡliocar l̄itþum̄igðeac̄ta iñ ná fuil fumte i meadair; agur do réip̄i ná b̄riόs f̄ain, ní áiþum̄igðeairi oibhreac̄a t̄riáctas̄ ari ná réilteannaib̄, nó ari alzehr̄ia, i meaf̄s oibhreac̄ þriόir.

Iñ léip̄i ḡuji f̄eitv̄i o'obairi þriόir ӯeit̄ fumte le ḡliocar m̄óri l̄itþum̄igðeac̄ta, agur iñ veim̄in ná fuil ó n-a lán vioib̄ acht meadair c̄um̄ ӯeit̄ 'n-a laorðt̄ib̄. Inj̄ ná halaib̄ ſeo leanas̄ t̄riáctfaim̄io, an c̄uio iñ m̄ó, ari an b̄riόr l̄itþum̄igðeac̄ta.

Iñ rió-ðeacairi an obairi t̄riáct ari þriόr ḡaeðealač, óiri iñ rió-ðeacairi teac̄t ari an m̄éid̄ atá le f̄agðbáil de. Tá an c̄uio iñ m̄ó do r̄fusum̄inn ḡaeðealača gan cuij̄ i gceloib̄ fóir. Tá f̄iaid̄ r̄faiþigðe inj̄ na leabharlánnaib̄

IRISH PROSE.

—o—

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD ROMANCES IN GENERAL.

Prose, or “unbound” language, signifies in general every kind of writing that is not in metre. According to this signification, works of history and genealogy, and the common speech of the people are reckoned as prose. But there is another signification of the word that does not extend it to all these. It signifies writing or discourse conceived with literary skill, and which is not composed in metre; and according to this meaning, works treating of the stars, or of algebra, are not reckoned amongst prose works.

It is plain that a prose work may be composed with high literary skill, and, indeed, several such works only want metre to make them poems. In these chapters we shall treat chiefly of literary prose.

It is very difficult to treat of Irish prose, as it is no easy matter to reach what is extant of it. The greater part of Irish writings is yet unpublished. They are scattered throughout the great libraries of Europe, and

móraí ari fuaid na h-Eorpa, agus tá úrimóri dá bhrúil i gceloibh tisib i n-íomhaleabhráibh ná bionn a dtairteal ari na daoiniibh i gcoitcianann, acht amháin ari an aor foighlumta. Ní hé sin amháin, acht tá an phríosr Litriúiseacáta ceilté, foluigte inír na leabhráibh Láinn-rgníosbha Féin, i dtíreog suír deacaipi iad do jolátarí, an fáid atá crioimicíde gainealaig, ír a leitíordóe inír gacé aon ball. Is fiúr, leir, suír éus na rcoláimíde Gaeoilealaíca a bpríomh-aire do'n phríosr do ériaoibh-rgnaoilfead ná cnuasach-focaill Gaeoilealaíca atá le fagbáil inír na rean-leabhráibh, nó do tábairfadh eolais túimí ari nórtaibh ari ríomhearí, nó do ríordóeocheadh gacé cnuasach-éairt dári ríeancaí, nó do tábairfadh cunnatar cinnte ari ríean-liosraibh ír ari ríean-fochtuacáibh na tíre, ír suír ríeanadair na húili-rgéalta, na taimidóe ír gacé tuiáct eile a bhí fuitte le gliocair litriúiseacáta. Uime sin aodáirífaradh an léigtheoirí neamh-éanagreanaí, ari léigsead ná leabharí riamh, suír b'fín é an raigír Litriúiseacáta bhí ari fad agamh, agus ag bualaod a lámh ari an "Chronicum Scotórum," o'fraifriócaod réabot: "An é sin an raigír Litriúiseacáta atá le taibhseánaod i nGaeoileas agairb? Már é, ní fín é o'fóghluim ná duaoibh ari bit t'fagbáil uairí."

Tá píofr mar an “*Epitomicum Scotórum*” in i ngráid aon teangealainn i rian Eorpa, ciond náic ceapáit píofr leitluisgeasta do ghlaoisí aici, taoibh le taoibh le rísealtaibh is ríráiltaiibh láin do bhréaghsaict is uiméadáigseacht, is círtá le céile go bhrúosgáin, gártá, fuaimeantamail. N-a teannta rian is maiet an comártá ari ari leitluisgeast go bhrúil eunntar

the greater part of those pieces that have been published is confined to magazines, not within the reach of the people in general, but only of the learned. Nay, further, the prose pieces of literary value are stowed away and concealed even in the manuscripts, so that it is difficult to find them, while chronicles and genealogies and the like are to be found everywhere. It is true, moreover, that Irish scholars gave their first attention to prose works that would serve to elucidate the difficult Irish words that are to be found in the old books, or that would throw light for us on the customs of our ancestors, or that would unravel the vexed problems of our history, or that would give an exact account of the ancient forts and ruins of the country, and that they avoided the romances, the accounts of cattle spoils and the other tracts that were composed with literary skill. For this reason the unskilled reader, on reading their works, would imagine that we had no other kind of literature but this, and he might ask you, placing his hand on “The Chronicum Scotorum,” “Is this the only sort of literature that you have to show in Irish? If it be, then, it is not worth studying or being at all concerned about.”

There is prose like “The Chronicum Scotorum,” though we should not call it literary prose, in every language in Europe, side by side with tales and tracts full of beauty and imaginativeness, and composed with skill, force, and spirit. Besides, it is a good sign of our literature that we have an account of our ancestors as

éomh cinnte ari ari ríomhaileachas agusann iŋ tá le léigseachd 'rən "C̄hronicum Scotiæ," 'rən "Leabhar Í Sabála," iŋ i n-a leitέirib. Deagl̄airid leabhairi vā r̄agair do ḡraibh na daoine támhig riomhainn cliste c̄um gac níó do bain le n-a n̄dúchtar do r̄fjúndachd. Tuigaird na leabhair f̄eo, leij, a lán feasa óúinn ari neitibh baineas le n-ari litriúigseacht, bhoibh na c̄eart litriúigseacht iad f̄ein.

Ach ní fágann r̄ain gan litriúigseacht r̄inn, agus r̄ tárdo f̄eoláilidh na hEorpa anoir ag luach ari f̄ean-litriúigseacht, agus 'sá piád ná fuil a leitέiro vā haoir le fagbáil 'rən doimh.

Iŋ mian linn-ne, 'rən tr̄ligr̄iō atá ceapaitiúigte óúinn, tuairiūr̄ éisim do t̄abhairt ari an bpr̄iōr̄ S̄aeðealaic, ach ní f̄eiríji óúinn é go leíri do r̄fjúndachd, iŋ vā bpr̄iúig r̄in níl agusann ach foillseachas éisim do óéanann ari an gcuir iŋ feálli ve, iŋ iarr̄iait ari an léigsteoili é do léigseachd vó f̄ein.

Iŋ iad cálidh coitc̄ianna an t̄fean-þr̄iōir̄ S̄aeðealaic ná neairt iŋ r̄aiðb̄rieacht ionmáigseacht, vataimlaacht foillriúigte iŋ ceapitacht piáidh. Tr̄láctaird a lán vāri f̄ean-r̄fjúndach ari neairt t̄riaoiðeacht; marí óéanann an t̄riaoiðeacht déithe do óadoimib, iŋ cuipeann mairé iŋ f̄uinneamh iŋ óige ari f̄ean-daoimib c̄lóna, foilb̄te, fannna; marí óéanann pióð-þl̄iudh aolm̄ari, f̄airírið, iol-þiaðaic, i n-a mb̄id mná uairle, f̄réimeamhla ag ól iŋ ag aoiðneas i f̄eomhariaibh aeriseacha, do b̄otáinín ófjúca ðeataidh. Ach iŋ geall le t̄riaoiðeacht f̄ein mairé iŋ áilne na n-úr̄i-r̄fjúnd ro i r̄aiðb̄rieacht, i mb̄iat̄hiaibh þl̄iudh ari, i n-ionmáigseacht. Ag léigseachd na n-éacht

exact as that which may be read in “The Chronicum Scotorum,” in “The Book of Invasions” and such like. Such books prove that the people who came before us were skilled in investigating all things relating to their country. Besides, these books though not themselves literature, give us much information pertaining to our literature.

But we are not, on that account, without a literature, and the scholars of Europe are at present drawing attention to our ancient literature, and proclaiming that, for the age in which it was written, it has no equal in the world.

We propose in the space assigned to us to give some account of Irish prose, but we cannot investigate the whole of it, and therefore, it only remains for us to give some description of the best portion of it, and to beg the reader peruse it for himself.

The common characteristics of early Irish prose are wealth of imagery, brilliancy of description and propriety of expression. Many of our old authors describe the power of wizardry ; how it transforms men into gods and imparts beauty and vigour and youth to weak, withered, and feeble old age ; how it converts a dark, smoky cabin into a royal mansion, bright, spacious, rich in viands, where fair, noble dames drink and enjoy themselves in halls of airiness. But the beauty and splendour of these romances, their richness of forceful language, and their imagery act like magic itself. As we read these wondrous events we are treading

ro thíonn, ír é fórd cumhá na hÉireann atá fá n-ají
gcoigráibh. Sláinte an féirí, cumháct na gcealaobh ír na
dtopi, an t-aerí ciúin, sneachta, roghaimail, an enocán,
an fánadh, an bán rocairi, rió-ğláir, na móinféri bheagán,
bláthmára, an éaire meári, Binn-ğlóraí — cuijuro rím
uile i n-umhaill thíonn go bhfuilmíod ag riubal ari bántaibh
míne piéirde Čille Daíla, nó na Míre, nó i gcomhgráact
do Baile-Átha-Cliat, marí a bheicimíod na boilb-čonnta
dá luasgaibh ríosúilairde le gaothaiibh, nó le haistí Eamain
Macha, nó timcheall Čluacna Meiribh.

Ní gan eolais, leis, atáimíodh ari ná feairíaithe iñg ari ná
mnáibh do bhuaileann ionainn iñg ná n-úili-rgéaltaibh seo
—fír crioíochta, cuílata, áirithe-meanmaíochta, feairgachta, ullamh
éum maiteacáis do théanamh do namair; mná áilne,
maireamhla, foilbhiúle, gheannúilairia, lán-abairt. Measadh
ná curideacáta rian, iñg léiriú dúninn go bhfuilmíodh ari fórd ná
hÉireann, agus i bphocáirí ari nuaimeadó tipeamhail
fén. Acht ní luonnán an tpeo atá oíche iñg ná rgéaltaibh
fiaothaigh agus do cleacáit ari anjio iñg cíuaithean bhusiúidhne
iñg coimhearsnáil. Maímid úmúidíri dá raoígal pá óion ná
gréighe. Bionn riad ag cíúináil na scoillteadó, lusgíod
riof ari bhuacáibh glasa ná n-abann. Téid riad ag
feileas ari leigisibh Érlári Lúinis, iñg cluinchíodh an fiaoth iñg an
faolcón, iñg ní le gádairíaithe ná le ceoltaiibh tpiompariúe, acht
le muije a gcoif. Ní gan rísiat iñg gá a bíd i gcomhuithe,
iñg bionn foirmíom catá riophairiúe le hÉireacáit 'n-a
dtímeacall.

Ir tapairó lútmápi iad na mná leis, agus ní ag baile

on the fragrant Irish sward. The verdure of the grass, the fragrance of the boughs and of the shrubs, the calm, pleasant delightful air, the hillock, the slope, the level, verdant pasture, the beautiful, blooming meadows, the rapid, sweet-sounding stream, all these remind us that we are treading the smooth, level plains of Kildare or of Meath, or in the neighbourhood of Dublin, where we behold the fierce waves ever a-rocking by the force of winds, or beside Eamhain Macha or round Cruachan of Maev.

Nor are we unacquainted with the men and women we meet in these romances—brave men, strong, highspirited, wrathful, ready to forgive an enemy; beautiful, splendid women, cheerful, merry, vivacious. In such a company, we perceive we stand on Irish soil and with our own countrymen. But the state of the people in these romances is different from that of the people of to-day. These men were bred to be proficient in the chase and they habituated themselves to the difficulty and hardships of war and conflicts. They live the greater part of their lives in the open air, they range the woods, they lay them down on the green margins of the rivers. They hunt on the plains of Clár Luirc, and they chase the deer and wolf, not with dogs and the music of trumpets, but with their fleetness of foot. They are never without shield and spear, and the din of battle is ever heard around them.

The women, too, are active and vigorous, and they

fanann riad. Ní gan ríordairde iñ ghríosóil Úrbaedach a bionn riad, acht iñ mó atá a nuaócas ar láraini a gcláon-riord ná ar éadairisibh réamhlaacha cum cionróidte na bpríathairisibh seo do jlátharó. Atá deirfiú eile roimh na daoimíb seo iñ ari nuaomíb fhéin. Tá an tír i n-a gcomóintíodh neamh-ripleadaí. Ní amáin ná fionn eagla oíchea ríomh amairgaiibh na n-eacáitíanni, acht beijidh ari uairiibh a gcaithfeadh sé ari deiridh-fhiúchéadh tréaruna na maria go rleibhíte iñ daingnithe Albain. Do bhi, fóir, a n-úrilaethra fhéin aca, iñ níorí gábhád óróibh beirt ag bhrúotairíeacóit i mBhéarla a namhadt.

Acht cinnitheári achtairíusdhaí iongantacaí ari na neitíb seo go léiri le dhráoiódeacht ó'n uigðairí. Achtairíusdheann rí na fíri iñ na mná ro, iñ d'éanann rí laochra iñ baile-tísearainnige, nón d'éitíte iñ baile-déitíte óioibh. Ní le híomáisgeacht focal d'éantairí an t-achtairíusdhaí rian, acht le neairt foillseachtae iongantaiibh i n-a gcomóintair geogra ari an doimhne ari fad cum dul i gcomóintair leo i dtíreimhe iñ i léiri-mairge. Tá gád éacóit, gád tuillair, gád crieacóit, gád tóirí, achtairíusdheacht le cumair dhráoiódeactha an uigðairí. Tugaidh na gairdíníd cuaireadh móri-ostimícheall na gcoilleataibh comh h-éagairí, abairt leis na fiabhairibh, iñ d'úiríusdheanach ríúid ari a bpríaltiúd, iñ beijidh oíchea ríl a mhitid i bhfad. Iñ áit, daeth aonair, mairgeanair iad na cuaireád seo; cuairidh rímaíte ari achtairíusdhaí. iñ fuaingláir mairgtheana bionn i nuaomh-Úrbaid. Iñ coimhrial le foirmíomh na rítoiríme 'rinn ngeimhleasach comhúdheacht fuaime a ngsa ag gábháil ari a céile. Tá a lúirí eacád comh fiabhair iad le ghlórí na fuaidh-éanai marí

do not stay at home. They are not without silks and speckled satin, but they trust more to the light of their fascinating eyes than to pearly robes, to win the hearts of the hunters. There is another difference between these people and those of our own day. The country in which they live is independent. Not only are they not afraid of the attacks of foreigners, but they sometimes go across the sea in seething wrath, to the mountains and fastnesses of Alba. They possessed, moreover, their native speech, and they had no need to stammer in the dialect of their enemy.

But all these things undergo a wonderful transformation, through the magic power of the author. That magic power changes those men and women into heroes and noble ladies, or into gods and goddesses. It is not by imaginativeness of language that this transformation is wrought, but by means of wonderful description, in which the whole world is pressed into service to furnish comparison for them in valour and in beauty. Every great deed, every journey, every spoil, every pursuit becomes transfigured by the author's magic charm. The heroes range over the woods as swiftly, as vigorously as the wild-deer; these they awaken from their dens, and catch before they have run long. These warriors are tall, handsome, beautiful; they subdue giants, and release maidens who are kept in captivity. Like to the noise of the storm in the wild winter is the noise of their spears, as they crash against one another. Their battle cry is as wild as the roar of the angry

waves as they break without ceasing on Inis Dairbhe. Like to a kindling fire excited by fierce winds, is their rage on the day of vengeance. Their ranks of battle were not formed according to the military tactics in vogue at the present day. They did not practice straight, steady shooting from a hiding place, but they stood together in the face of the enemy, as live, quick, human walls. Heroes were they, as strong, as high-spirited as the champions of Troy ; heroes, whose valour and daring are unsurpassed in story or romance.

If you be in doubt as to the unity and identity of Irish literature in imaginativeness and brilliancy of colouring from first to last, compare the oldest romances we possess, with the songs which were composed in Munster in the eighteenth century. Take as the basis of comparison, the beauty and loveliness of woman. It is certain that the Munster poets never read “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” or “The Cattle Spoils of Cooley,” or yet “The Wooing of Emir,” nevertheless, the style of description to be found in these romances is almost identical with that to be found in the songs of Egan O’Rahilly and Eoghan Ruadh O’Sullivan. It is not merely that they resemble one another, as beautiful passages might do, whose authors lived widely apart from one another, but here the thoughts and the style of description are the same, the splendid imaginativeness in describing natural or human beauty, and especially in describing the comeliness of woman, is also the same.

Máir mian linn an τ-αιγνεαός Σαεύεαλας τοῦ φειρίντ
ἢ-α γλιχιόν πάντα φέμ, ταν ευρι ἵπτεας αἱρι λε γναέτ
ταρι φαιρησε, νί φυλάιη τύμην αν γεαν-βριός Σαεύεαλας
τοῦ λειχεαός. Τοῦ μαιρι να λυχναῖ τοῦ βίου αγαννι λε
θέρωεαναιγει ἢ-αιντριη δυαριθεαήτα; νί ραιθ γέ τοῦ φονη
οικέα γερμιόνδας ἢ-αον-έοι γυρι μιλλεαός αν τ-αναμ ασα
λε δημόνιον ἢ λε δυνέ, ἢ γυρι λαρ φεαρις α γεριονότε, αγυρι 1

It seems to us that the songs of Eoghan Ruadh and romances like “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” approach nearer to one another in description than what is ancient and modern in any other European literature, than Shelley and Boewulf, than Goethe and the Nibelungenlied. We must bear in mind, however, that these wonderful descriptions of the ancient authors are embedded in long, shapely, well-constructed romances, written in splendid prose, while in the eighteenth century and about that time, it was necessary to rouse an author to poetical enthusiasm, and to excite his mind with the frenzy of song, before he could be got to produce similar descriptions. His soul must be first touched with grief or love, jealousy or envy. Not without the wild rush of a poetical storm does his mind contemplate natural and human loveliness. The ancient author wrote in calm, steady, majestic prose, but that prose was poetry, though not composed in metre. He lived in a calm, refined age, and he had an affection for beauty. Prose was the natural vehicle of his thoughts, and the characteristics of that prose are strength, sobriety and imaginativeness.

If we desire to see the Irish mind in its own congenial state without its being influenced by foreign oppression, let us read ancient Irish prose. Our recent authors lived in troubled times, they had no inclination to write at all, till their souls were crushed with grief and frenzy, and till indignation lit up their hearts, and in their

n-a láoráchtib—ciorád nári ésinmíteadh eadair oifig—atá cálraíde na gearan-uigheairí go roiléirí le feicirint. Cailíníodh an ion-nanacht síorghairde rím na gearan-litriúseacáta ír na nuach-litriúseacáta do éinigint go riódh-sléineac, márg mian linn brieití é comhcheannach do tábairt ari ari litriúseacáit go léir, ír i do meagád i n-aigéaró litriúseacáta na hÉireann ír an tsoinníl i gcoictíann. Ír le congnáim ó inniuas-litriúseacáit gur férionn rúnach crialainfhsaoileadó éisín oibreannáidh do éiní ari úirlis-réaltaib na gearan-uigheairí. Minicéann an tgearan-litriúseacáit a lán dá bhusil neamh-ghnáthac, do-éinigre i n-amhránaibh ír i nuaontaiib na hoctúnaidh haoihe réag. Ní headh nári oifigíil an litriúseacáit Shaeóealaí i fhein amach, ír ná neacáraibh rí i bhfeabhar ír i nuaime ír i ngéire, acht gur labhair é an raighearr feabhair tiochair ari tréan-aisneach tréitheamhail le neairt buairdeartha ír léiri-busle.

Níorí b'férionn linn sunntaír ceairt do tábairt ari fáidbheacáit focal ír ari mór lónnraí ac foillseachtaí Eogain Ruairí ír Minic Ó Domhnaill, ír filíde na haoihe rím, mina mbeadh ríri láimh agamh le léigear, “Tóigáil Bhuiríone Dá Dearg,” “Táin Bó Cuailnge,” “Tocmaige Eamhí,” “Cath Rúinf na Rídh,” go. Ó amhráin an úirlis-réil, “Tóigáil Bhuiríone Dá Dearg,” go hamhráin Eogain Ruairí, níl amhráir ná go raiib trácht i n-ari éinair ari litriúseacáit i n-olcair, acht níor aitairiúidh rí riamh a cnuit, agus atá rí ‘n-ari meafar le déirítheanaíse níos fáidbhe ír níos lónnraíse ‘ná riamh.

poems, the characteristics of the ancient authors—though they were unconscious of them—are plainly to be seen. We must understand clearly this continuous identity of our ancient and modern literature, if we desire to form a just estimate of our literature as a whole, and to weigh it against the literature of Europe and of the world at large. It is by assistance from the modern literature that we are enabled to offer some suitable explanation of the romances of the ancient authors. The old literature explains much that is strange and hard to account for in the songs and poems of the eighteenth century. It is not that there has not been a development in Irish literature and that it has not advanced on the lines of intensity and acuteness, but the advancement is that of a strong, gifted mind through the influence of trouble and frenzy.

We could not satisfactorily account for the wealth of language, and the brilliant descriptive style of Eoghan Ruadh and Mac Donnell, and of the poets of that time, had we not at hand to read “The Taking of Da Derga’s Hostel,” “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” “The wooing of Emir,” “The Battle of Ros na Righ,” &c. From the age of Eoghan Ruadh, it is certain that there was a time in which our literature fell away, but it never changed its essential features, and it is with us in modern times, richer and more brilliant than ever.

AN TARA HALT.

TÓGÁIL BHUIRÓNÉ TÁ VERGÁ.

Leabharlair éadar ari “Tógáil Bhuiuróné Tá Vergá,” agus tuibhlair gair b'ionnach a mao foillseachte agus tuov foillseachte na n-aonairán do cumadó i nÉireann tá céad go leit bhliadán ó fion. Ír thian línn ann ro tuairim éisim do tadhairt ari an úin-riséal Síneannach ro atá euríte amach le véitheamhaisce ian *Revue Celtique*, iñg ailtireachte i mBhéarla le Mícheál Stócer. Baineann an t-eacúnaí ro le húin-riséaltaibh Con Culann iñg “Táine Bó Cuailnge.” Acht tá ré neigilte ón gcuimhne eile doir na riséaltaibh seo. Atá ré leir fóm fá leit, agus níl neairimad gair ájur a an t-úin-riséal é. Faistíar i “Leabhar na hUisce” é, leabhar do ríspioibh ian t-aonair aú haois réas, agus i “Leabhar Bhuithe Lecan,” agus cuimhne aonair iñg annraí i leabharlaibh eile. Acht iñg venim gair cumadó an riséal i Úfach muimh ailtíri a leabhair iñg ájuraisce níos ro.

Triúr éadar ari millteach Conaire Mór aon Éireannach ceoil i mBhuiurón Tá Vergá. Árto-jú na hÉireann do b'eaú Conaire le n-a línn, iñg ní rialaibh a leitítear do rísd muimh muimh i nTeampair, iñg do thíbhir ré comhriúiseach iñg eacúnaí iñg Léiri-Scotia ari an tír ari fad. Acht t'éiríseachair a Conn-Úaltairde n-a éomhain, iñg t'aontusúiseachair le hInisríséal, ó Úreatam, millteach do réanam ari utáin

CHAPTER II.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DA DERGA'S HOSTEL.

We spoke above of “The Destruction of Da Derga’s Hostel,” and we said that its style of description was the same as that to be found in the songs composed in Ireland one hundred and fifty years ago. We purpose here to give some account of this splendid romance, which has just been published in the *Revue Celtique*, with a translation into English, by Whitley Stokes. This story belongs to the romances relating to Cuchulainn and “The Cattle Spoil of Cooley,” but it is widely different from the other stories and stands alone. There is no doubt that it is a romance of high antiquity. It is to be found in “The Book of Dun Cow,” a book which was written in the eleventh century, also in “The Yellow Book of Lecan,” and portions of it here and there throughout other books. But it is certain that the tale was composed long before the date of the oldest of these books.

It describes the destruction of Conaire the Great, son of Etarsceil in the Hostel of Da Derga. Conaire was overking of Erin in his time, and so great a king never reigned before him in Tara; he banished contention and strife and plunder from all the land. But his foster-brothers rose up against him, and they formed an agreement with Insgeal from Britain, that they

i n-Albam, iñ annfaim i nEirinn. "Nuairi do biondair ag teacáit go talam na hÉireann, do bhí Conaire ag riubal le n-a buriom le haist Baile Átha Cliath, agus ag déanam air Buriomh Ólá Óg, Laoiseann. Ailiúisíodh an t-á buriomh fuaim iñ rothiom a céile, iñ aithnísíodh gaoth meairbail gur b'fín i fuaim a náimad. Ba hiongantach é gáibhail iñ tógsbáil Conaire, iñ ní riaibh ré acht i n-a "Síolta óg amulchach" nuairi do roghairgeadh i n-a rísd i n-Teangeal é, acht do cuipeadh geograíomha, daingeanachair, i gceárt nári b'fúrlaistte ó ón uil ó tuisceart iñ ó Léiri-milleadh. Iñ iad ro ná geograí do cuipeadh air:

"Ní thuiridh searcal Temrach ocúr tuaithean i mblied.

"Ní hí tairbmichtear lát cláenmíle Céiríai.

"Ocúr ní hí echtraí each nomad n-ainmche reachttheangeal.

"Ocúr ní hí fací i thír ar mbi eisigna riabhlárí teneadh imitheach iad fumneadh ngréime agus eonai dámhais.

"Ocúr ní tairbhír iarrt thír Ógair do thír Ógair.

"Ocúr ní hí riabhláitear síbherg ro flaithe.

"Ocúr ní tae dám aenmha no enfhír i tech fóirt iad fumneadh ngréime.

"Ocúr ní a hurríair aigíla do da moighin."

Iñ Léiri go riaibh an t-ádhs i n-a comhís ó thír. Agus ag oibreadh rám geograí do Léirísean air. Agus ná riaibh aon uil airge iad do fheáchain air fad.

I gcuírra an ríseáil do éanair ré i n-aigaird ná ngeograí ro go Léiri. Agus ba tháor an ríogáltaír do baineadh air. Iñ minic i mbaistear an eacraí do éanáinig ré air ná

should work destruction first in Alba, and thereafter in Erin. When they were approaching the land of Erin, Conaire was travelling with his companions to Dublin and making for the Hostel of Da Derga, King of Leinster. Both parties hear the noise made by the other, and they recognize without misgiving that it was the noise of their enemy. The conception and the bringing up of Conaire were wonderful, and he was only "a young beardless lad" when he was installed as king in Tara. But heavy, fast-binding *geasa* were put upon him, so that it was not easy for him to escape from misfortune and destruction. These are the *geasa* to which he was subjected :

"Thou shalt not go right-handwise round Tara, and left-handwise round Bregia.

"The evil beasts of Cerna must not be hunted by thee.

"And thou shalt not go out every ninth night beyond Tara.

"Thou shalt not sleep in a house from which fire-light is manifest outside after sunset ; and in which (light) is manifest from without.

"And three Reds shall not go before thee to Red's house.

"And no rapine shall be wrought in thy reign.

"And after sunset a company of one woman or one man shall not enter the house in which thou art.

"And thou shalt not settle the quarrel of thy two thralls!"

It is plain that Fate was against him from the beginning, seeing that it permitted so many *geasa* to be imposed on him, and that it was out of his power to avoid them all.

In the course of the story he breaks through all these *geasa*, and heavy was the vengeance inflicted on him. Frequently, as the tale progresses, does he call to mind

Seapairíb seo do bhrí marí tóromaséadct aibh, ní ar dhuil 'n-a n-aigéaró do ní minic do cimreacád i n-umhaileachó le neart táinig aigeacádta go raibh milleacád ní tubaist 'n-a comhairli. Ír tórmaséileacé é ríseal an deasg-lúis ro, agus nádúramai maitheara do ní traoisál mórtórméacall, agus le linn gáe maitheara ag bhríreacád tré n-a seapairíb ní an t-áigéaró ná ceangailt le ríleabhrá iarríamh ná fíradhára a bhríreacád. Níl ríseal ná eacúrla le fágadháil i leabhráib ná i mbéal na reanáidre comhionann, comh tórmaséileacé le fíriphre ní comheargári an cíuaird seo le n-a áigéaró do chéim, ní é fá thaoisagéas ag tuintim gan tórmasé gan tairge óró. Círdeann ré fírim go roiléirí go bfhail ré ag dhuil ari a aimleas; ní 'n-a nádúróna rím ní fágann ré ann fírim bhríreacád a seapairí vo fíradhára. Bí a tóil níos láig, ní bhrí an ionad vo seapairí marí tóromaséadct aibh. Ba óróis leat gúili cimreacádair ná véite Conaire ari an traoisál éum ceap mactaird vo nádúramai ro, "quoties voluit fortuna jocari." Ní raibh a leitheadro vo níos muamh ionmhe rím ari fíradhára ní ari comh tóromaséadct:

"Ír ná fílaithí atáit ná tóir bairri fóri Eamhain .i. bairri viaf 7 bairri rcoth 7 bairri mearra. Ír má fílaithí ari chomhbinne la each fíri guthí ariailé ocrí betír téata menuchírot ari feabhar ná cána, 7 in tórmas 7 in chám-comhlaic fáil fechnon ná hEamhain."

Acht ní é tórmasé an ríseal gúili b'í é an fíradhára céadma, agus ari comh tóromaséadct neamh-ghnáthacé vo meall é éum ríseacád a thonair. Bí ré vo seapairí aibh gan ríotéadán vo nádúramai roimh bairist ná gáeibhleacáibh, acht níor léig a

these *geasa* which weighed him down, and as he breaks through them, he is often warned prophetically, that destruction and misfortune are in store for him. Pathetic is the story of this good king, doing good to the world around, and on the occasion of each good deed breaking through his *geasa*, while fate binds him down with a chain of iron, which he cannot break. There is no tale or narrative to be found in books, or from the lips of story-tellers, so sad, so pathetic, as the wrestling and struggling of this hero with his own hapless Destiny, and his falling at last without regret or pity. He himself perceives clearly that he is on the path of misfortune; but at the same time he feels unable to avoid breaking through his *geasa*. His will was too weak, and there were too many *geasa* pressing heavily upon him. One would imagine that the gods sent Conaire on earth, to make of him a laughing-stock “as often as Fate wished to make merry.” There never before was a king to match him in goodness and justice :

“ In his reign are the three crowns on Erin—namely, crown of corn ears, and crown of flowers, and crown of oak mast. In his reign, too, each man deems the other’s voice as melodious as the strings of lutes, because of the excellence of the law, and the peace and the good will prevailing throughout Erin.”

But the pathos of the story consists in this, that it is his goodness and his unwonted justice that lure him to the path of his misfortune. He was under *geasa* not to settle the quarrel between his two ‘‘thralls,’’ but his

Óaonraíacht do gáil uilifír i gceártachtaí do óéanam eatarítá.

Ní chóir leis an gáil fáidír a lán do'n. Ímreál go do fáiltear i lónnraíacht foillseacháin, ír i gairbhíleolaíocht focal, agus ír i gceallraíamach gáil marí go do ímreál eogán Ruaíodh dá marífeadóireach i n-aithriú an uisceairí. Cúigimínear ríos anna roinnt an t-fíor-choraí an ímreál —

“Bun iu amraí aitheagdá fóri Earrach, Eohair Feidleach a ainn. Oileáin feachtas i n-ann daír denach in Írland Leith, conaccaí in mhaí fóri uiri in tobair 7 cír chuirítear ariúit co n-eocri de oír acithe oc folcuio al-luineas ariúit 7 ceithíri heomh oír fáilte 7 gcleoigríseamh beccai dícháiríomosul chorpíoraí liu fórlaearcuisib na luineas. Biatas capaí copíoraí folchothamh acithe. Duallaí aithíordó ecoríppíre [míleach] de oír oibíníni iarrt biatas. Lene lebhair chulpatach i gchotutglemon dei phlitri uainíre fó deiridín luaidh oír impre. Tuaigimíla inngantai dí oír 7 aithíordó fóri a bhuaintaisib 7 a fórlamhaisib 7 a gualáib iarrt lene dí each Leith. Taithneadh fíra in gáil eabha fódeirí gáil a fíraibh taideach innd oír fáilte 7 gáil earrí ariú tritíni uainíre. Da tritír n-oirbíntí fóri a cínd, fíge ceit bhiu nuaíl ceachtair nwe 7 mell fóri júnio each duail. Ba cormaile leo daithi innd fóilt fíri bairí n-aileartairí liu fámpair, no fíri deiridí iarrt n-óenamh a daitha.

Iar aon dí oír de taithíbiúch a fíult via folcuio . . .
 Bataí gíltíri gneachta n-óenamhthe na dí doit 7 bataí maethchoíri 7 bataí deiridíthíri fíran fílebe na da gáil earrí aillí. Bataí oibítíri oibhinnne daeil na da malaich. Bataí innd 7 fíraír do nemannaíl a deta i na cend. Bataí gíltíri bugha na dí phluil. Bataí deiridíthíri páirtaing na beoil. Bataí fórlamh míne maethgela na da gualain. Bataí gíltíri fíraíota na meira. Bataí fóta na lama . . .

goodness made him go and make peace between them.

It seems to us that a large portion of the story is unsurpassed for brilliancy of description, and wealth of language, and it is probable that it is in this wise Eoghan Ruadh would have written did he live in the author's time. We quote here a little of the very beginning of the story :

“ There was a famous and noble king over Erin, named Eochaid Feidleich. Once upon a time, he came over the fairgreen of Bri Léith, and he saw, at the edge of a well, a woman with a bright comb of silver, adorned with gold, washing in a silver basin, wherein were four golden birds, and little bright gems of purple carbuncle in the rims of the basin. A mantle she had, curly and purple, a beautiful cloak, and in the mantle silvery fringes arranged, and a brooch of fairest gold. Marvellous clasps of gold and silver in the kirtle on her breasts and her shoulders and *spaulds* on every side. The sun kept shining upon her, and the glistening of the gold against the sun, from the green silk, was manifest to men. On her head were two golden yellow tresses, in each of which was a plait of four locks, with a bead at the point of each lock. The hue of that hair seemed to them like the flower of the iris in summer, or like red gold after the burnishing thereof.

“ There she was undoing her hair to wash it White as the snow of one night were the two hands; soft and even and red as fox-glove were the two clear, beautiful cheeks. Dark as the back of a stagbeetle the two eyebrows. Like a shower of pearls were the teeth in her head. Blue as a hyacinth were the eyes. Red as rowan berries were the lips. Very high, smooth and soft-white the shoulders. Chalk-white and lengthy the fingers. Long were the hands The bright radiance of the moon was in her noble face; the loftiness of pride in her smooth eyebrows; the light of

Solus gairid dona m' eisce ma raeis agair uirthochail uairli
ma minnmalgib jumthen, ruairis he ceachtair a' da juis jiose.
Tibiu amuira ceachtair a' da ghuaid co n-amblo m' iu
tibren do ballairib bith choicreia co uideirigí fol a laig
7 ariall eile co folar gili jneachta. Doimseiridachd
banamail ma gloci cem fofud n-innalla acci, tochim
jusnaro le. Ba ri tira ar caem aem agur ar aildeam
agur ar copiam atconnaircatair jumli dome de mnáib
domain. Ba dois leo bed a jisairib ti. Ba fhuia ar bhieth
"cruith each co h-éitam." "Caem each co h-éitam."

πιλή ρύτσε αγανη άνηρο τηλάτη αρι θηρεάζτατη η
θημιόνε; αρι α ευτο γεωμηδα αειεαάδα αοιθνε, αρι έναλ-
λατη ιαραλ, πεανηαέ Σοναιρε, αρι α Λέιρ-πλαιρε ιρ αρι α
γρέιμεληλατη, αρι α έδοινε ιρ αρι α πόμπατη, αρι η
εέανταιθ νο ζιντ λε η-α λάνη ι γευμάνγηατη έοινηγδαιη,
αρι η α ευραδαιθ νο ζομι ιρ νο μιλλ ρέ οά έοραιητ φέην
ζαη θηρή, αρι α άξ θοέηα φέηη, αρι ζημαζ α Λέιρ-ταρτα.
παρι έισεαηη ιρ αιτέεαηη ρέ θεοέ ιρ ζαη αοιηη ήρη
θημιόη έηηη α ίοτα νο μύηαθ, παρι νο ήροηηαθ αοη
θεοέ αηηάη έ αρι λάν-ζινλε α ζιθαιρτε, ιρ ζαη αη θεοέ
ρηη λε φαζθάη, ηά φόρ αρι θηρεαθ ιρ μιλλεαθ ιρ θόζαθ
ιρ Λέιρ-θηρεαθ ηά ήοιθέ ηηη. Ήα θόιζ λεατ ζηηη ήι
αη Τηλε νο θόζαθ ιρ νο λεαζαθ αηηη λε ρύτσαταιη η
η-εαέτηηη:

“Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explieet, aut quis posset lacrimis aequare labores?”

wooing in each of her regal eyes. A dimple of delight in each of her cheeks, with an amlud (?) in them at one time of purple spots, with redness of a calf's blood, and at another with the bright lustre of snow. Soft womanly dignity in her voice; a step steady and slow she had, a queenly gait was hers. Verily of the world's women, 'twas she was the dearest and loveliest that the eyes of men had ever beheld. It seemed to them (King Eochaid and his followers) she was from the elfmounds. Of her was said—"shapely are all till (compared with) Etain." "Dear are all till (compared with) Etain."

We have not space here to treat of the beauty of the Hostel ; of its airy, delightful chambers, of the noble high-spirited party of Conaire, of his beauty, of his loveliness, of his gentleness, of his majesty, of the hundreds who fell by his hand, in the press of conflict, of the heroes he wounded and destroyed while defending himself in vain from his own woeful fate, of the pathos of his bitter thirst, how he cries and clamours for a drink while there is no one in the hostel to quench his thirst, how even one drink would save him from the flood of his misfortune, and how that drink was not to be obtained ; nor yet of the crushing, destroying, burning and great wrecking of that night. One might imagine that it was Troy, that once more was burnt and pulled down by hosts of strangers.

"Who can unfold the slaughter of that night or the death, by narration, or who can its troubles equal with tears?" *

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken without any alteration from the *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXII., Nos. 1 and 2.

an Treas alt.

un-séalta baineas le com éulann.

Is mair a céile Cú Čulainn i ná fhean-rgéaltaibh
Sædealaéa is Aileil i mbeart síriúte v'eacáitíaróibh
Sphéigseacá. Mairfeann Cú Čulainn i n-a lán do fhean-
rgéaltaibh Sædealaéa in-a círach oifíthearc, is in-a laoé
éadat-buaðaé; agus i n-a lán eile níos is é píom-
míleasó ná n-éadat ari a tortháctar é. N-a taois riam ní
ná ná neamhán Cú Čulainn aé特 tuinne daonna, bhoí go
ntaighinn aéadairiusgád ionfhanntaé ari ó uairí go huairí le
neairt éadatáé éisim urraoirdeacá. Is fiaðam, feairgád,
fioeimair i gceataibh 'r i gcomhlann é, aé特 ní gian tairfe.
Gian truaigíneil a ériortóe. Is é círach Cúigrí ullað é,
agus ghlórí Eamham Maéad, is eú eoranta Čulainn. Ní
címhíte laoérla ná círuiusgád daomhað eagla ná
uamham ari, agus is triom é bém a éinti ari is tuig-
lann a láimé i láir coméarraigair.

Cio o náj ba theamh é fóm, Léigimro —

“Συμφωνητε αρι ποιησαντας οεσφ ταναντας οεσφ
γενιτι γλυπτοι οεσφ ρεμνα α εοιη. Ταις να βερτηρ Τυατά
Οέ Ταναννα ηγαινηστο πιπιριγινον σοβαδο μότι α γράμ
οειρ α εελα οεσφ α ιημαν οεσφ α ιημιανταιν μεαέ εαθ
οεσφ μ εαέ εαθηροι μ εαέ σοβιντο οεσφ μ εαέ σομψιε
ι τειστο.”

CHAPTER III.

ROMANCES RELATING TO CUCHULAINN.

Cuchulaim, in the old Irish stories, is like Achilles in a certain body of Greek tales. Cuchulainn lives in some of the old Irish stories as a noble hero, a victorious champion, and in others he is the main heroic figure in the feats described in them. Still Cuchulaim is neither a god nor a demon, but a human being, although a strange transformation takes place in his person from time to time, by some wondrous magic power. He is wild, wrathful, vehement in strife and conflict, yet he is not without softness and pity. He is the champion of the province of Ulster, the glory of Emhain Macha, the guardian hound of Culann. Nor heroes nor assemblies of the populace put him in fear or trembling, and weighty is the stroke of his weapon and the onset of his hand in the thick of the fight.

Though he himself was not a demon, we read that, "There shouted around him Bocanachs and Bananachs, and Geniti Glindi, and demons of the air. For the Tuatha Dé Danann were used to set up their shouts around him, so that the hatred and the fear and the abhorrence and the great terror of him should be the greater in every battle-field, in every combat, and in every fight into which he went."

We do not agree by any means with those authors

éimreann fhiu a fhéadaint na haoisíra éum báis, aict an Síman Brieád, Lomairiach, Laratáin, ag cur a teag i gceim, agus 'nuaipi a tágann an t-astráilliúsdáil éalctaé air le neart a "mártíraid" níl ann aict an Síman céadra fá óuib-rgamallair. Iar fá úr-thoiríeuðas éeois. Iar laethair na huigheairi seo air brieacaó an lae tré nealtaib na gréipe, mairi éorainnlaict vo Cion Cúlann. Aict ior doiríse linn-ne ná fhiú aon gábháil vo fámlingeaict na ghléime ná vo óuib-rgamallair neimhe agairi éum éalcta Cion Cúlann, mairi a bhfoillseáitsear i níl i n-eacraid Cion Cúlann aict rgéal móri-éigíaird vo éorainn a chuirgeas ó amairiib na bfeairi n-éimreannas ór na ceitíre cúngróib eile, ior jairib a éalcta ná n-aitíriú ag báiríairib uile na tíre. Ní ceart síman ná ceo ná rgamall vo tábhairt iarrteas déan fáit, agus níl i n-úr-rgéalairib a baineas le n-air síneairib fáit ná áthair fámlingeaicta ná fágair. Ní heasú ná síri júnneas déan síomairí leis ná tig le vúine daonna vo óéanainn déan cabhair ó véitib, ná ó véamhainairib, aict ní óéanainn fham síman ná via óe. Ói aicil daonna go leor—air taoibh a atáir air aon tráisiú— aict síneann ballair lomairi ghlóríairi 'n-a tíméas, i utrieo go scurítear ríseáitse le heagla ná amairic, agus neart-úiseann rí a shuáit, i utrieo go utaigh anfais air bhuam na Tráe, ior go utaigh anfais air a láimh le fuidim a linníre.

Ior fíor éalctaé maeñníomairí Cion Cúlann, aict ní óéanainn fham via ná síman ná tairbher óe. Ní jairib ann aict leathán 'nuaipi éimí ré ionsgnáu air ionáinairib ósá

who assert that this champion was not human. Cuchulainn, they say, when in a rage and fury, and when even his very look puts heroes to death, is nothing else than the fair, brilliant, blazing sun, sending its heat afar; and when a strange transformation sets in on him, on account of his "distortion," it is only the same sun underneath black clouds, and in an eclipse of mist. These authors speak, too, of the day dawning through the clouds of the air, as represented by Cuchulainn. But it seems to us that we have no need of similitudes of the sun or of the dark-clouds of heaven, to understand the exploits of Cuchulainn, as they are revealed to us in the romances. The story of Cuchulainn is that of a great hero, who defended his own province from the attacks of the men of Erin of the four other provinces, and whose feats were rehearsed by the bards of the country. It is not just to introduce sun, or clouds, or mist, without cause, and there is neither cause nor reason for similitudes of the kind, to be found in the romances that pertain to our hero. Not that he has not performed feats which surpass a human being's power, without help from gods or demons, but he is not, therefore, a god or a demon. Achilles was fully human—on his father's side at least—but Pallas sheds bright effulgences around him, so that hosts tremble through fear on beholding him, and she strengthens his voice so that terror seizes on the Trojan band, and their arms drop from their hands at the sound of his shouting.

The boyish exploits of Cuchulainn are truly marvel-

cúinte an piós. Oo tuis céad go leit̄ níos iarrhacht ari é no mairbhad, acht níor bhféidir leo fui é oo shoraiséad. Shuaireann ré 'n-a nuaicte, agus tuiteann caogaod níos le n-a lán, agus ríomhaois an éint eile ó. Ní mhaib ré an trácht riam acht cíns bhláthna o'aois. Oo minne ré éadéta níor iongantaisé ó bhlátham go bhlátham, agus oo jút a éái ari fuaid na dántéce ari fad. Tá sunntas ari an gcuimhne ro i n-a lán o'inni-riséaltais. Acht is iad ro na riséalta a baineag leir, ari is fealbh a bhfuil aitne. "Tóigál Ústuróna Dá Deargá," "Táin bó Cuailgne," "Cath Ruij na Rí," "Seirbhise Conculainn," "Flevo Ústuróna," "Toéamairc Eamh." Níl aon riséal níos ro éomh bheag, éomh bhuiocháin le "Táin bó Cuailgne." Óinn-riséal cuimhneadh is ea is an "Táin" go bhfuil dótáin aon lítríseadta nó teangean rian doimhín ann, inni-riséal lán o'eadctriaróis aoiúinne, agus o'eadctais i n-a bhfoillseáil eisioðaist is meannamhóri-cuimhne. Cioró guri riséal páigánaid é, níl mís-cneamhatacht ná mís-nádúir ari éadéta ná ari shníomh de. Anufo is amhráin táirge foilleáistéar le fágáil ann éomh hálann, éomh lomairiach is shaotharóe i lítríseadta na Roma. Tá an éamh boirb, riaróib, is na bhuatáin bhuiocháin. Léir-mháis, is ní fubáis doin lírigéisceoiri gumi oo éirí i n-éadctais is i ngumóimhírtas an riséil ro. Agus so mór-mhór i gceistíodh ari i meannamh, is i mór-éigiotóeacáit Con Éulann.

Tá Cúigeasú illaú ag fuinne i gcomhá na gceimseadh eile, agus is é Cú Éulann fál eoranta Cúigíú illaú; is é gcleasairóe a tháinmeadh i n-uacht an baoisáil; is

lous; but he is not, therefore, a god, or the sun, or a phantom. He was only an infant when he astonished the young hurlers of the king's court. One hundred and fifty of them attempted to put him to death; but they did not succeed even in wounding him. He pursues them, and fifty of them fall by his hand, and the others submit to him. At that time he was only five years of age. He performed still more wonderful feats from year to year, and his fame spread over the whole country. There is an account of this hero in several romances; but the romances pertaining to him, that are best known, are "The Destruction of Da Derga's Hostel," "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley," "The Battle of Ros na Righ," "The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn," "The Feast of Bricru," "The Wooing of Emir." There is none of these tales so beautiful, so forceful as "The Cattle Spoil of Cooley." "The Cattle Spoil" is an Epic worthy of any literature in the world, a romance full of delightful episodes, and of feats in which the valour and high spirit of great heroes is depicted. Though it is a pagan tale, there is neither coarseness, nor unnaturalness in feat or event recorded in it. Here and there, it contains descriptive passages as beautiful, as brilliant, as are to be found in the literature of Rome. The style is luscious and rich, the words forceful and melodious, and the reader is constrained to take an interest in the feats and events of this story, and above all, in the valour, the high spirit and the large-heartedness of Cuchulainn.

Ulster is struggling against the other provinces, and Cuchulainn is the wall of defence of the Province of Ulster; he is his people's champion in the breast of danger, he

é a ḫonníadach rolaír i n-udairícheacht ríleáin, ír a gcomairice dín, ír a gceannach bádair i n-aṄaird a náimad. Ír seall le haontusgach tuismithe na hEolra mille i gcoinnibh ñaróleon aontusgach na gceitíre gcuimseach i n-aṄaird Čon Ćuileann, acht gurí mó oibhiseann an Čú ḫriordé rím le neairt a chóna féin ná marí ceann uilliarid ari ḫluasaitibh. Cuirteann comhriac aonfírí áitair ari a ḫriordé. Sármhiseann mórl-ċuileadach 'ran ló é; acht an fáid a bhíonn ré ag pléirid leis an gcuileadach ríain, tá neairt ag ḫluasach na ḫfeairi n-éigreannach ḫluasairgeacht riomra comh fada agus ír férividí leo. Acht ní ḫlán ná folamh laoč ná curaodh 'n-a ḫriordé. Ír fíorí go deimhn ná curteann ré feairidh ċumh báir, acht ní'l fonn ari feairidh buan-ċomhriac do ċuri airi. Ír ionrada cascht ír comhmealgair ari a ḫriordé an "Táin," acht ní'l éacht 'ran ḫréal ír feárrí ċuirtear i n-umail dúninn nórta cneasta ari n-aṄireadach, a ndeas-ḃeara, ír a n-udairícheacht ná comhriac aonfírí Čon Ćuileannu ír feirfiadair ag an Áit.

Comh-ᬁaltairidh do b'eað ná curaodh seo do hoileadh le gsgátaris ír aoirfe, acht go mairibh an Čú i ḫfad níor óige ná feirfiad, agus aonair, ciost go ḫfuil ḫriordé na bheirte ari léiri-λagach le lán-feiridh i n-aṄaird an comhmealgair, ní ḫeacáidh báidh a gcomh-ᬁaltairidh i ḫfuairfe aca, agus ír seall le bhráidírbh gurádhach iad ag teagmáil le n-a ḫeile ari marion lae an comhriac, ír ag ḫréalaodh le ḫeile i gcomhairi na hoiordé, go bhrúintse, leomhá, tar éis fáilte ír anjóis an comhmealgair. Ní uairík gurí ḫréaloibh rítaír ná mór-ᬁréal mairi

is their radiant light in the darkness of the mountain, he is their shield of defence and threatening staff in the face of their enemy. The league of the four provinces against Cuchulainn, is like the league of the people of Europe against Napoleon, only that that great Hound works more with the strength of his own body, than as the chief of hosts. A single combat delights his heart. One great hero a day satisfies him; and while he is engaged in fighting this hero, the hosts of the men of Erin proceed in their forward march as far as they may. But, nor hero nor champion does he leave whole or sound. It is true indeed that he does not slay Fergus, but Fergus has no desire to prolong the quarrel with him. The “Cattle Spoil” describes many a battle and conflict, but there is no exploit in the story that so clearly reveals to us the gentle spirit of our ancestors, their polished manners, and their humanity, as the single combat between Cuchulainn and Ferdiad at the Ford.

These heroes were foster-brothers who were educated under Scathach and Aoife, but the Hound was far younger than Ferdiad, and, now, though the hearts of both are burning for the combat, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold within them, and they are like loving brothers as they meet on the morning of the day of battle, and as they separate for the night, bruised and wounded from the pressure and turmoil of the combat. We think that there was never written a history or romance in which great heroes behave with such

11-a n-iomáicíait móri-éipíaitóe iad féin leis an oiread
cneastaíta ír móri-éipíoróeacáta. Ír deimíni ná fuisil i
litriúiseacáit na Róam ná na Síréigse cipíadó comhluasal,
comh meannmáic, comh deaigh-aigseantaí le Coin Cúlainn.
'Nuairí a tcealgáin i gcaidí le céile ari bhrúasáic an Átha,
cuireann Feiridíad fáilte ríorí-éadoin iomáin an Coin.
"Mo éan do túchtu, a Cuculainn," ari ré, agus tarsi éis
móri-éoda agallaim, luirgíod ari comhílaic, agus um tliáct-
nóna, tarbi éis tuilleadh ír anfarió an comhílaic, "Seúinem de
fiodair baoesta a Cuculainn," ari Feiridíad. Do fágur-
adairí ó céile, agus ag ro mairi tliáctanu an "Táin" ari
éadomh ír ari cneastaítaí a minintearródaí:—

“Θιασειρογετ α η-αιριν υαθυ illάμαιβ α η-αιρασ. Τάμιc εάc διb τ'ιmοραιγιo αριaile αpp αithile ocaρ μιabejτ εάc διb lám νaρi үriάgит αρiаile, ocaρ μa τaιribиpι teóriя póc. Ra bátaρi a η-eiс m oen reuji m η-aιučiјi, ocaρ a η-airaiо ic oen temiо; ocaρ bo ӡnirjetari a η-airaiо corrarij լepča նrluačiа νoib, ցo ֆiutliadapitaiб fej iηzonia ֆiui. Tancatari ֆiallač iccι ocaρ lezir νa η-icc ocaρ νa leizger, ocaρ քocherjvetaři lubi ocaρ lojra iccι ocaρ րlánren μa cnevaib ocaρ criečtaib, μa η-áltaib ocaρ μa η-iηzonaiб. Cač luri ocaρ eae lora iccι ocaρ րlánren μa bejthea μa cnevaib ocaρ criečtaib altaib ažur iηzonaiб Conculant, μa ronarictea com-
piaino uad δiб νaρi át riaři τ'flijičiаo, na μabbriaitij
fipi hējento νa tuited Fejroiаo lejrium, ba himmaric-
jaio lezir νa bejraiо raiji.

An t-áirí Lá agus an tréas Lá do'n éomhaerfsear iom-
éaraid na cípíaróidé iad féin ari an gcuimhneadh gceáoná, acht
gur é uairí Cú Éilimh milleadh a nainíodh an ceathramhád
lá do'n éomhaerfsear, agus an t-ábhainn fín gur fáiltear

gentleness and magnanimity. It is certain that there is not in the literatures of Rome or Greece, a champion so noble, so high-spirited, so fair-minded as Cuchulainn. When they meet at the verge of the ford, Ferdiad bids fair welcome to Cuchulainn. “Welcome is thy coming, O Cuchulainn,” he exclaims; and after a long dialogue they fall to fighting, and in the evening, after the fatigue and turmoil of the conflict, “let us desist from this now, O Cuchulainn,” says Ferdiad. They separated, and it is thus “The Cattle Spoil” describes the gentleness and mildness of their friendship :—

“They threw away their arms from them into the hands of their chariooteers. Each of them approached the other forthwith, and each put his hands around the other’s neck and gave him three kisses. Their horses were in the same paddock that night, and their chariooteers at the same fire; and their chariooteers spread beds of green rushes for them with wounded men’s pillows to them. The professors of healing and curing came to heal and cure them, and they applied herbs and plants of healing and curing to their stabs and their cuts and their gashes and to all their wounds. Of every herb, and of every healing and curing plant that was put to the stabs and cuts and gashes, and to all the wounds of Cuchulainn, he would send an equal portion from him westward over the ford to Ferdiad, so that the men of Erin might not be able to say, should Ferdiad fall by him, that it was by better means of cure that he was enabled to (kill him.)”

The champions behave in the same manner on the second and third day of the combat, except that Cuchulainn had foreboding that the destruction of his enemy would take place on the fourth day, and there-

ó céile lán do bhuairdipit ír do bhris gád-cíorúde an tmeaf
oróče. An ceartíamád lá tagann neairt neamh-éanáchtach
i gCom Chúlann, agus atáipíuntseann a “mairtíar” é go
lán-iongantacé go —

“Ror lín atc ocár imfirteíri, mairi anáil illéir, co nnefirna thuaig n-uaftíarí, n-acbéis, n-ilvadair, n-ingantaig de; go mba metitíri ria Fomóri, na rie féri mairi, in milid móri éalma, ór chinn Fírdeas i ceirt ariodh.” Agur annraian tornuigheann a gcomíriac i gceairt. “Ba ré xlúr n-imairic da rionfratair, go ria comhlaicfretair a cint ari n-uaftíarí, ocár a corrá ari n-icftíarí, ocár aillamh ari n-irimeodón daír bílib ocár cobhsaibh na rcaíte. Ba ré xlúr n-imairic da rionfratair, go rí xlúisfret ocár go rí xlomisfret a rcaíte ó a mbílib go a mbriónai. Ba ré xlúr n-imairic da rionfratair, go rí fillíre tair, ocár go rí lúrratair, ocár go rí gualairaisfretair a rlega, ó a riennai go a n-ejlannai, 7c.”

Αν λά βαιν, νο μέιπι τυαινι να ζων, νο γοινεαδό^τ
Φειρδιαδ ται φόιη, αγνή —

"Rabeit Cuculaind ríoi da fáigid offr a aitle ocar
ja iad a da láim thairis, ocar tuairisgaib leipp cona airm
ocar cona eipíliu ocar cona etgúid vaji áth fachtaid é."

Is geall le bean éaonte an cuprað buaðað uð að caoi an laoic do leas ré, i mianmaib aoiþne, íf i milir-þjórf.

1 ηνειρεασθη “Τάνα” τά τριάντα αριθμοί που
γεννήθησαν στην Ελλάδα—την Ελλάδα την οποία
την έβαλαν στην πατρίδα της με την ονομασία
της Ελλάδας. Η Ελλάδα την έβαλε στην πατρίδα της
και την έβαλε στην πατρίδα της με την ονομασία
της Ελλάδας.

Foillriştéarí sneartacht i gmaire Chon Culainn d'úinn

fore they separated from one another full of sorrow and heart-felt regret on the third night. On the fourth day Cuchulainn assumes unwonted strength and becomes transformed after a very strange fashion by his “distortion,” so that

“He was filled with swelling and great fulness, like breath in a bladder, until he became a terrible, fearful, many-coloured, wonderful Tuaig (giant), and he became as big as a Femor or man of the sea, the great and valiant champion in perfect height over Ferdiad.” “And then commenced their fight in earnest. So close was the fight they made now, that their heads met above and their feet below, and their arms in the middle, over the rims and bosses of their shields. So close was the fight they made that they cleft and loosened their shields from their rims to their centres. So close was the fight which they made that they turned and bent and shivered their spears from their points to their hafts.”

On that day, in accordance with the Hound’s foreboding, Ferdiad was wounded beyond relief, and—

“Cuchulainn ran towards him after that, and clasped his two arms about him, and lifted him with his arms and his armour and his clothes across the ford, northwards.”

That victorious champion is like a lamenting woman, bewailing the hero he laid low, in beautiful stanzes of verse, and in delicious prose.

Towards the end of the “Cattle Spoil” there is an account of a strange conflict between two bulls—a white-horned bull from Connaught, and a brown bull from Ulster—a conflict it would be difficult to surpass in fierceness and sheer intensity; but we have not space here to give an account of that conflict.

Cuchulainn’s mildness of disposition, as well as his

ρόγ, ο γέαλ είλε νά ηδαιμοντεαρι “Τοέμαιρις Εμιρ,” αγυρ φαζαμ τυαιηγής α εαζηαέτα ι “Σειριζίσι Κον-
κυλαντο.” Όο τιντ αν ευριαό φά όεοις ι γεατ ήλαιζε
ηλιμητεινη.

Σιού γυρι τόρι αν μεαρ ατά αρι Κονκυλαρι, αρι Φεαριζυρ,
ιρ αρι Φειριαρ, ιρ αρι α λάν Λαού είλε αρι α οτηλάέταιν να
ηύη-γέαλτα ρο, ηι ευριέτα ι γεομόριταρ αοινη θίοθ λε
Κοιν Κύλανη. Ήιλε ευριαό νά ζηέμε ιρ νά μεανηαμ ι
γταριέταιν νά ι η-ύη-γέαλταιν να ηέηιεανη. Ταιρβεάνηαν
ρέ ’η-α γένιοιμαριέταιν ιρ ’η-α έαέταιν φέιν εριούαέτ ιρ
μεανηα, σπεαρταέτ ιρ εαοηιεαέτ αρι γιωρεαρι ριλ αρι
λαραό ρολαρ να Κηριοταιρόεαέτα ’ραν τίρι.

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ΑΝ ΣΕΑΤΡΑΜ ΑΩ Η ΑΤ.

ΝΑ ΣΓΕΑΛΤΑ ΡΙΟΝΗΙΣΓΕΑέΤΑ.

Ιρ γεαλ λε παρι α ζέιλε Κύ Κύλανη ιρ να γεαν-
γέαλταιν Σαεύεαλαέα αγυρ Ριον Μας Συμβιλι ι τόρι-
βολς νο γέαλταιν ηίογ νέριθεαναιζε. Ήορι-έυριαό νο
θ'εαό Ριον, ας α ιαν ίοιρ ιοηδανταέ, αγυρ νάρι ζέιλ-
λεανταρι complaέτ μεαρι, Λύτηλαρι, αεριηηνεαέ. αρι α
ηδαιμοντιύε αν Ριον, ηό Ριανη Θηιεανη. Μας υ' Ριον νο

beauty, are described for us, also, in another romance called “The Wooing of Emir,” and we get an account of his wisdom in the “Sick Bed of Cuchulainn.” The hero at length fell in the battle of the Plain of Muirteimne.

Although Conchubhar and Fergus and Ferdiad, and many other heroes of whom these romances treat are held in high esteem, none of them is comparable to Cuchulainn. There is no other champion so brave, so high-spirited in the history or romance of Ireland. In his own deeds and exploits he reveals to us the valour, the high spirit, the gentle disposition, the mildness of our ancestors before the light of Christianity illuminated the land.*

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CHAPTER. IV.

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THE FENIAN TALES.

Cuchulainn holds nearly the same position, as regards the old Irish stories, that Fiann Mae Cumhaill does in respect to a large body of later tales. Fiann was a great hero who was possessed of wonderful power of divination, and whom a strong, active, vigorous company, who were called the Fiamm, or Fenians of Ireland, obeyed. Oisin was the son of Fiann, and the primal

* The text and translation of the passages quoted in this chapter are taken from O’Curry’s “Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,” Vol. III. Appendix.

b'eað Oirín, ríomh-fíle na hÉireann, agus tuas do-grain
arúr do b'eað Oísgair, nári b'fértoiri do fáirmhachád i dtuintéine
i gceoil. Bionn Ólármadair illa Túibne i gCaoilte
Mac Rónáin go coitcianann 'n-a bhoícheairi riún. B'éalctas
an raoighál do éalcteadaí Fianna Éireann ag bhuilgean,
ag luit, ag reals, ag cluicéadó ná gcaillifíadó i ná bhoil-
éon. Ní raibh coill, ná gleann, ná ríabhaibh i n-Éirinn i
ntaoibh amháin do Cúigeara illa nári éisgadair cuairt ann.
Ba minic go corr-éadorthiom iad ag luit ari riéid-bháintaithe
Cille Dara, i gníorí b'annamh a bhunneadaí móri-reals ari
Scoil-Úrbaileachaithe Locha Léin.

Ciothu ná raibh tuiat do b'férle ná Fiann féin—

“Óá tuas ór i mduille donn,
Cúlmuigheoir dí i mcaill,
Óá tuas airiget i mgealtóinn,
Ro trólaicfeadh Fiann”—

ní raibh ré gan feairis i gceannach do tuas agus aigheanach. Is minic
a b'ionn ná Fianna i n-áraibh Leir i ntaoibh a úrloch-aiagniú
i gcomhíb Ólármadair. Biu Oísgair féin, ní m'aitéann ré
focal do éeann ná b'fiann.

Aimair a nubhíamairi ag tuiat ari Cionn Cúlann, b'éalctas
iad tuas-ghnáimhíteach Fiann, agus i gbealg áit i n-Éirinn ná
fuil buan éigin i n-áraibh a Láinné. Is iondá ríabhaibh, ari a
n-úrthear “Suirbhé Fiann,” agus i giondá ártharán 'n-a b'fuil
gáelán móri cloiche agus buan a m'earbhair aibh; agus fóir,
níl baile i n-Éirinn ná fuil a ainn agus ainn a éom-
phlaicta go bealct. Cimte i mbéal ná nuaomheach ann,

poet of Ireland. And Oisin had a son, Osgar, who was unsurpassed in strength and valour. Diarmaid O Duibhne and Caoilte Mac Ronain are constantly with these. Strange was the life led by the Fianna of Ireland, they fought, they raced, they hunted, they pursued the stag and the wolf. There was no wood or glen or mountain in Erin outside of Ulster, which they did not visit. Often did they run with light steps on the level plains of Kildare, and often did they hunt vigorously on the green margin of Lough Lein.

Though no prince surpassed Fionn in generosity—
 “Were but the brown leaf which the willow sheds from
 it gold,
 Were but the white billow silver, Finn would have
 given it all away”—

he was not, nevertheless, without rage and jealousy and evil disposition. Often are the Fianna in contention with him on account of his ill-will towards Diarmaid. Even Osgar himself speaks out his mind to the chief of the Fianna.

As we observed of Cuchulainn, the youthful exploits of Finn were wonderful, and there are but few places in Erin in which there is not some trace of his hands. Many a mountain is called “Suidhe Finn,” and many is the height in which there is a huge stone “galán” having the print of his fingers on it; and, moreover, there is not a village in Erin in which his name and that of his company are not heard precisely and accurately

bhíodh nári ailtiúiseadó lúamh 'n-a meafaradh ainnm Órlaith na hOiliúine ná Aosdá Uí Néill.

Bhíodh rsgéaltaí ari Fionn i fír ari Fiannaibh Éireann dá n-alitír i mbrí na tigéidíbh tuaithe ari fhuairt na duitche tamall ó rím, agus ní ror dóibh fór. Táirí na rsgéaltaibh Fionnuigéadta ari i fheadraí a bfhail aitne, áiltiúiseadóri iad ro, "Oirdean Connlaorach," "Cath Fionn Tríádh," "Eacútra Lomnochtáin an tSléibe Rífe," "Cuirte Mhaoil Uí Muancháin go dtí Fianna Éireann," "Tóiruigéadct an Siolla Óeasaini agus a Cháraill," "Bhruigéan Ceirge Ógáin," "Tóiruigéadct Óláimhada agus Siúlánne," "Aigallamh na Seanórlaíach," &c.

I fíorí go bfhail deirbhír móri iomair rsgéaltaibh mar iad ro agus ná húir-rsgéaltaibh baineadar le Com Cúlainn. I fhoibhinn an chaint, i fheadraí a bhréaghdha an moibh foillearrigh, i fheadraíse an daethaibhlaict, agus i fheadraí, nílre iad na círíaróe i n-úir-rsgéaltaibh Con Cúlainn. Tá na rsgéalta Fionnuigéadta—nó círto inairt óioth—lán do bhuabhdhocail, círte a n-foirair a céile le haighair a bhuairme, i fheadraí i n-a mbriú. Agus do éairí a gceart cainte i n-oleair i mbaile ná mbriabhan, i mbrieo go bfhuisfeá deicbh focal i n-foirair a céile o'ason bhriú airmáin i gceart aca.

I fóirí fíorí b' amhlaidh do tóigríodh gárrairíodh an fheadraí círto, ari ari ghlaoibh Fianna Éireann, círto áiltiúiseadó ná hÉireann do éorpaí, iomair ailtiúiseadó náomh Ídáinraig. Bí taisteach an gárrairíodh fíor ari fhuairt na hÉireann ari fad aict amhlaidh i gCírigeadó Uile. I fheadraí iomsgantaí mar do tóis ná rsgéaluithe Círigeatuiróe fíor eacútraíaróe ná b'fian, i fheadraí

from the lips of the people, even where the names of Brian Boruimhe and of Hugh O'Neill are never heard.

Tales of Fionn and of the Fianna of Erin used to be recited in the houses throughout the country some time since, and they are not yet extinct. Amongst the Fenian tales which are best known, the following may be mentioned, “The Fate of Conlaeoh,” “The Battle of Ventry,” “The Adventures of Lomnochtan of Sliabh Rife,” “The Invitation of Maol O Mananain to the Fianna of Erin,” “The Pursuit of the Giolla Deacair and of his Horse,” “The Battle of Ceis Corainn,” “The Pursuit of Diarmaid and Grainne,” “The Colloquy with the Ancients,” &c.

There is, no doubt, a great difference between tales like these and the romances that relate to Cuchulainn. In the romances of Cuchulainn the style is more pleasing, the descriptions are more beautiful, the colouring is more brilliant, and the heroes are nobler and more amiable. The Fenian tales—or a considerable portion of them—are full of adjectives placed after each other with a view to their sound, without regard to their meaning, and their style grew worse as years rolled on, insomuch that you may find in some of them ten tautologous words one after another.

It would seem that previous to the time of St. Patrick there was raised a body of brave men for the defence of the over-king of Ireland, who were called the Fianna of Ireland. This body frequented every part of Ireland except the Province of Ulster. It is strange how

do ḥuigheanachair iarrítear ari iad do ḥaontusád le geanáear na hEachláire. Íráidír ari do b'eadó na Fianna, acht níor b'adon thíosbháil a n-éadta ír a ngsiomairíte a ḥaitír do lucht an fír-chleití, agus ná bhríodh riu ceapann an ḥréabhairde Shaeðealaíc guri fán Oifín ír Caolte 'n-a mbéalaird i bphad tarí éir Caéad Comairí agus Caéad Shábhra agus Caéad Ollairíba agus millte ír bairgthe na bFiann i gcoitcianann. Ó fán 'n-a bhoisairi áthbairi beag do'n Ḥináit-Fiann. Do ḥasai Oifín ír Caolte le céile, agus i gceáiríra a riubhlóide do bhuail Caolte um Naoimh Íráidír. B'éadtaíte an comhche do b'i eatairte. B'i ionfhaidh ari Íráidír ari a tinnintíri ari feicint meirí ír tréine ír calmaíte na gceairíad úd. B'é an geanáear ari do gaoighil nuaid i nuaíl a céile, agus b'i an dáiil cneartá, éadomh, cneanairgáid i. B'i fonn ari Íráidír éadta na bFiann do clóirínt, acht tarí éir tamall tá aithíar aige guri doceairi ná thíosaíte é, agus támairg ná aingil fóiri-chomháonta Íráidír ari aithíar riamh do bain te, agus duibhneadh leir ḥréabha na gceairíad do éirí riorthú “i támloibríadha filéid, oscuir i mbhiaistíl ollamhán, óiri bhois gairmionusád do dhiongasair oscuir do neas daimhíb deiridh aithíre eifreacht fhuilna gealairíb riu.”

Tarí éir an uirlabhrá riamh riubhláir Íráidír agus Caolte timééall na hÉireann, agus níl riáit ná enoc ná tuilaíte náct móri ná fuis ealctria ari ó béal Caolte. Tarí éir a stuiríar téaróid go Teampairí tarí a bhus Oifín

Christian story-tellers exploited the adventures of the Fianna, and how they endeavoured to harmonize them with the history of the Church. The Fianna were Pagans, but there was no harm in reciting their deeds and exploits for the true believers, and for this reason, the Irish story-teller invents the fable that Oisin and Caoilte lived on long after the battle of Comar, and the battle of Gabhra, and the battle of Ollarba, and after the ruin and destruction of the Fianna in general. With them there remained a small number of the rank and file of the Fianna. Oisin and Caoilte separated from one another, and in the course of their wanderings Caoilte met St. Patrick. Wonderful was the meeting that took place between them. St. Patrick and his company wondered at beholding the stature, the strength and the bravery of these champions. It was the meeting of the old order of things and of the new, but mild, and gentle, and friendly was the meeting. Patrick was anxious to hear the exploits of the Fianna, but after some time he suspects that his piety would suffer from the recital, and his two guardian angels came to take away that suspicion, and they told him to set down the stories of the heroes in “the tabular staffs of poets and in words of ollamhs since to the companies and nobles of later time to give ear to the stories will be for a passtime.”

After this discourse, Patrick and Caoilte travel around Ireland, and there is scarce a rath or hill or mound about which we have not got a story from the lips of

ιοντρά, ιφ ταχι α θρυλός Τελίμαράς αρι γιανθάλ, αγυρ αιτήμισιν Καοίλτε ιφ Οιρίν ο' βεαριαίν έιμελον ίπνοιμαρίτα ηα θβιανη, αγυρ θειυτο ρηπέρ έιμελον λεο ηα ργεαλταριμ, ιαρι ργαρίταρ θόιθ, ζο εύης άιρνοιθ ηα ήέιμελον. Ο βομ απαέ πίοι έτειρ ργέαλ βιοννιμιζεαέτα αρι ργέαλινθέ μιαν, ιφ νί ραιθ βαίλε ι ηέιμην ηάρι αιτήμιρεαρ άπη αρι πομη ηα ειριαίθε αρι αη λάταιρι ρημ. Ιφ θόις λην ρέμη γυρι β'έ βεανναέτ ράνθιμις αρι ργέαλταιθ Καοίλτε ιφ Οιρίν ηο έις αη οιμελο ραιμ ρόγαρίτα οιτά αρι ρυαίο ηα τίμε: αρι ρημ απαέ πίοι θαλάθ ηορ ηα Εριορτωνθιθ εαγκλα θειέ οιτά ι ηταοθ ηα ργέαλ ρο ηα θβαζάναέ θ' αιτήμη.

'Σαν ίμη-ργέαλ αρι α ηδαιμοντεαρ "Αγαλλανη ηα γεανόριαέ," αρι αρι έισγαμαι εύηνταιρ έιμη, ιφ ιομόδα ργέαλ θηίνη, ιφ ιομόδα βοιλλιριμιζαρ άοιθηνη, ιφ ιομόδα γεανέιμηνε αρι έαέταιθ ηα θβιανη, αγυρ αρι πόραιθ ηα γεαν-αιμηρημε ατά λε ραζθάιλ; αγυρ ιφ θρεάξ, πιληρ, άοιθηνη αη έαμτ ατά αην ρόρ. Ήα θόις λεατ ζο ραιθ ηεαθαιρι ιφ ειμηνε ας γαέ θλελον ρλείθε, ιφ τεανγα ας γαέ ρηιοτάν, αγυρ ρόρ εολαιρ ι γειρούρε-λάρι γαέ γεαν-ρότημις, ιφ ζο γειυτο ριασ α γειυτο γεανέαιρ ι η-ιηναίλ ηο Καοίλτε, ιφ ζο η-αιτημιζελον ειρεαν ζο τεανγαη ηαονηαέ, ι ητηρο ζο ητημφεαρ θάνθιμις έ.

Τά ργέαλ βιοννιμιζεαέτα ειτε αρι α θρυλός θειρ-αιτήμε ας αλάν: ρημ έ "Τόριμιζεαέτ Όιαρημανα αγυρ Σημάνη," ι η-η θβοιλλιριζέεαρ ηύηνη έασ, ιφ ρεαρίς, ιφ εριαύ-έμηρθεαέτ βίνη. Σιού γυρι ηόρι-έιριαρ θιονη, νί ραιθ Σημάνη γάρτα λε έ θειέ αιει ταχι έέιλε, αγυρ ηο έοις ρη Όιαρημαν ήα Υιιθη ι η-η ιονασ. Ταχι έιρ α λάν ηο ζέαρ-έατημιζτιθ, τά Όιαρημαν ας ραζθάιλ θάιρ αρι θριυτ

Caoilte. After their travels they go to Tara, where Oisin is before them, and the Feast of Tara is being held, and Caoilte and Oisin recite for the men of Erin the exploits of the Fianna, and the men of Erin, on separating, take these stories with them to the five distant points of Erin. Thenceforward, no story-teller ever was at a loss for a Fenian tale, and there was no village in Erin in which what the heroes told on that day was not recited. It seems to us that it was the blessing of Patrick on the stories of Caoilte and Oisin that gave such great publicity to them throughout the country. Thenceforward, there was no need that Christians should be afraid to recite these stories of the Pagans.

In the romance which is entitled the "Colloquy with the Ancients," from which we have taken the above account, many pleasing descriptions, many reminiscences of the exploits of the Fianna, and of the manners of the olden time are to be found; the style is pretty, sweet and delightful. One would imagine that every mountain and valley had an intellect and a memory, and every streamlet a tongue, and besides, that knowledge dwelt in the very recesses of every ancient ruin, and that they tell Caoilte of their history, and that he translates it into human speech so that Patrick might understand it.

There is another Fenian tale which is well-known to many, it is the "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Gráinne," in which the jealousy and rage and hard-heartedness of Fionn are brought clearly before us. Though Fionn was

Beanna Shúlbain, agus i n-éadorthas Fionn é do fhaorlaíocht ó'n mbáir dá mbáil leis neoc i ngrise do chathairt éinighe. Tá Oigrí ar aghaidh aistí an neoc do chathairt uairde, ach níl maitear in-a ghlór. Fá an t-eipeasóid tóigheann ré i ngrise ionair a tháinig láinn, ach tuinteann an t-ngrise d'aon-an uairde. D'éanann ré an cleas céasna ariúr, agus an tmeas ariúr ari teacht fá thém an oíche, "Igrí an t-anam jie colaimh Ólafimadra."

Tápi éip báip Óriapimadá, meallann Fionn Spáinne,
ír fionann rí airge go bár.

- 10 -

an cùigearó hálta.

tri truaighe na sgealainseachta.

Tá an deirfiúrtheacht i roinnt an litriúiseacht þrióir atá agairt ór na ciantaibh is an litriúiseacht do cumadó timcheall aimpriple Aodha Uí Néill, gur minic a bionn þriór aimpriple Uí Néill duibh, bhrónaigh, doilb, agus uimhóri do þriór na gean-uigðar lán d'áitair is d'aitear. Do cumadó an þriór fain i n-aimpriple na haois ari ná raiib easbla ná uaimain, is do éinri þrómpa éalécta iongantaca is gnioríartha laocheair do théanamh, agus do junn na gnioríartha fain le meirneac is le meannmain. Suirbhé árho-jugte éum feirstip is fíeartha is bainnise i hallaróibh maireamhla;

a great hero, Grainne was not pleased to have him for a spouse, and fixed upon Diarmaid O Duibhne in his stead. After many sharp struggles Diarmaid is laid out to die on the top of Beann Gulban, but Fionn could save him from death if he chose to bring him a drink of water. Osgar entreats him to give the drink, but his pleading is vain. At last he takes up water between both his hands, but the water he lets drop from him purposely. He repeats the same trick, and the third time as he approaches the sick man, “the soul of Diarmaid goes out of his body.”

After the death of Diarmaid, Fionn wins over Grainne, and she remains with him till death.

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CHAPTER V.

THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY.

There is this difference between the prose literature that has come down to us from a remote past, and the literature created in the time of Hugh O'Neill and thereabouts, that the prose of O'Neill's time is often sad, sorrowful and melancholy, while the greater part of the prose of our ancient authors is full of joy and delight. That prose was created in the time of heroes who knew neither fear nor trembling, and who proposed to themselves to perform wondrous exploits and feats of bravery, and who accomplished these deeds with courage and

hír na hárth ag cainteoir le ríleipr iŋ le fír-thinnneas, agus líontar eisioide na n-uairle, iordú feair iŋ bean. Le hárth le neart milreacáta a gceoil. Sluaighid gairgíúis dárgráda ari riuthal fá ghearráibh éum rmaect do éuir ari atád é mó-náirleac éigim, nó éum bean uafál do nériótheac é ó Óaoisí-Brúnio. Tá réan iŋ ronar ari an tctír ari fad. Tá fuaim atádair fhiu i ntírearráibh coiméaragair iŋ i gceogach na lann iŋ na laetáibh seo.

Acht aonair iŋ ari, i mbéaláit do n-ugairgíúdeac ro, bionn éacáta truaigíomhíleacá 'nuairi éuirieann dhoicimhítear iŋ feairis iŋ fiocháireacét míos dónar iŋ tuibhírt ari éuirialáib; iŋ ní gan impi-rgéaltaib truaigíomhíleacá atá an amhráin seo—rgéalta truaigíomhídeacá fiumte go deaifrean, agus rílaictiúischté go líomhá. Táid na rgéalta ro agairt i nuacht-eagair, acht ní féidir liŋ gan man na fean-amhráine do mótúsgaibh iŋ na nóráib, na rímuaintíb, iŋ na dúnlib eisioide iŋ fhiu iŋ na foocláib fén, go mórmór iŋ na laoróttib beaga atá annro iŋ annróidh rgairiúischté truiu gan impi-rgéal. Tríáctair tair amhráin i ná riabhscolair ari laoróttib Láirne, ná ari cheol na hEaglaise, agus i n-a riabhscláir vitéte ná nreánaínt do laocáib oifíthearcá. Táid na húpi-rgéalta ro, amach, lán do chaire iŋ do truaigíomhíl, iŋ do fári-énearrtaít, i ntíeo ná fhiul a rámhusgach le fágadháil i mearrs lítríseacáta na hÉireann do'n amhráin ééadoina. Is iad ro na rgéalta truaigíe ari iŋ feárrí atá aitne, "Oirbeach Clomhne Uí," "Oirbeach Clomhne Uíruis," iŋ "Oirbeach Clomhne Tuirneann."

Dála "Oirbeach Clomhne Uí," ní dóis línn go

high spirit. Over-kings sit down to banquets and festivals and marriage feasts in beautiful halls ; the bards sing with rapture and true melody, and the hearts of the nobles, lords and ladies alike, are filled with delight at the sweetness of their music. Bold champions fare forth under *geasa* to bring some stubborn giant under subjection or to set a noble lady free from bondage. The whole land is happy and prosperous. There is a sound of joy even in the ranks of battle and in the strife of spears in these days.

But now and again in the lives of these heroes there are pathetic episodes when the mischief and wrath and cruelty of a king bring misfortune and misery on heroes, and this period is not wanting in romances of pathos,—tragic tales, beautifully conceived and finely finished. We have these tales in a modern form, but one cannot fail to perceive traces of the old times in the habits and modes of thought described, in the aspirations and even in the words themselves, especially in the little poems scattered here and there throughout each romance. They treat of a time in which there was no acquaintance with Latin Hymns or with Church music, and in which renowned heroes were being transformed to gods. These romances are full of tenderness and of pathos and of gentleness of spirit, so much so, that in this they are unsurpassed in the literatures of Europe of the same period. The pathetic tales which are best known, are “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” “The Fate of the Children of Uisneach,” and “The Fate of the Children of Tuireann.”

As regards “The Fate of the Children of Lir,” it has

mbuaidheachas mhamh airi ari t'fhuairginnéil nádúnta íg ari ionnáigearct neamh-éantheagairg. Ói ceatári ari leanb ró-mairgeannail ag Líri—truiúri mac agus i ngean, agus í i an ngean labhraif do'n éan eile i mhean é. Ír gceárlí go bhfuairi mátarí na leanb ro bár, agus gur phór Líri a dearbhíonn Aoife. Fuaicteann Aoife Clann Líri le fuaictear-mátarí, agus tagann tocht buile agus éada 'n-a drioche-ériordóe 'nuairi bhratánn rí go dtugann a feair reape a cléibh doibh, agus ná cunneann ré gréig ná suim innse féin. Ói fonn uirte iad do éuri éum báis, acht níor i b'fériúri aoinne d'fagbáil éum an gníomh rím do théanamh. Le neart a éada do gceárlífaidh rí gnáit a gaothair le n-a láimh féin, acht go mochtúigeannta rí laige a tola íg tairpe mnáinail. Aí an gcumha ro íg corainnail le mnáoi Mic Beirt i, ghabhar a leac-tigéal féin nári bhuail rí buile millte ari Duncan marí gceall ari an gcoirmhaileacáit do b'í aige le n-a hatairi 'n-a chodlaodh. Níl i mbaocht-gloiri mná Mic Beirt, agus i n-a móri-rtóirí d'foclairí ag gníomhruadháid a fíri éum gníomhajta, acht iarríacáit ari a laige féin do céile.

Acht níor tairpe d'Aoife. Lá aílúte éuri rí na leinb ag gnáimh ari Lioch Dainghlreac, agus 'nuairi biondair 'ran uighe d'airtuirí 'n-a n-ealaírtéibh iad le neart dhoirdeacáta. Annpairi iarríairi na healaírté dhaonna ro ari a leac-tigéal bhríoemhairi gráir do éuri le n-a gceamaird-éair agus do éuri —

“Nó go gcomhriacfaró an bhean i ndear agus an feair i dtuairid nó go mhabtaoi trui céad bliadán

never, perhaps, been surpassed for natural pathos and strange imaginativeness. Lir had four most beautiful children, three sons and a daughter, and it is the daughter that acts the spokeswoman for the others in the course of the narrative. The mother of the children soon died, and Lir married her sister Aoife. With a step-mother's hate does Aoife hate the children of Lir, and her bad heart is seized with a fit of frenzy and jealousy, when she suspects that her husband extends his soul's love to them and that he is neither interested nor concerned in herself. She intended to put them to death, but could find no one to commit that crime. Urged on by her jealousy she would herself cut the thread of their lives, but she perceives the weakness of her will and her womanly tenderness. In this wise she is like Lady Macbeth who excuses herself for not striking a deadly blow at Duncan, by alleging that he was like her father when he slept. Lady Macbeth's empty boastings and her storm of speech urging on Macbeth to the deed, are nothing but attempts to hide her own weakness.

But Aoife does not rest content. One day she put the children to bathe on Loch Dairbhreach and when they were in the water, she transformed them into swans by the power of magic. Then these human swans ask their cruel step-mother to put a period to their hard plight, and she put a period,—

“Until the woman from the south and the man from the north are united until you shall

ar Lóic Ógairbhíreacé, agus tuí éadair bhláthair ar Sruadh na Maoile, iompar Éirinn agus Alba, agus tuí éadair bhláthair i nInnighair Ógairbhíre acu i nInnigh Shluaipe Bhréanam." Atá atá éisgin le fágáil ar doifí. Ní éis leí anois torlaú a mioreaire do chosainteoiriúil thíos, ach lusáidearnais geann rí a ghearr anjáidigh éomh móri agus i fíordúil leí. Fágann rí aca a meabhair daonna féin, agus a n-úrbláthra Shaeoilge féin, agus neart ceol do fíordum éomh binn, éomh milis riu ná fíordarach fhuairisté feairisca, ná martheamhla coílaú do fíordum dá fáil-éirteach.

I fíord-éigírji gurí mochtúiseadó amháns ná ráiptíde, agus tuí aitíín Líri 'n-a aigpheasó féin gurí lúinneasó leiri-ríomh oíche. Agus éin airde ré gan ríao go bhradaíib Lóic Ógairbhíreacé: agus inníortha ná healaíde daonna riam do gurí biaid a éint cloinne féin iad, agus ná fuit ré 'n-a gheimhar an tmeacáda daonna do ghlacád ariú. I fíord-éigírji an inísean a labhrá:

"Ní fuit cumas agairt taobh do chabhairt i le doimhne feartas. Ach atá ar n-úrbláthra Shaeoilge féin agairt, agus atá 'n-ari gheimhar ceol fíri-éacéadach do éantam, agus i fíord leorí do'n éimeasó daonna uile do fíordam bheit eirtseachtaí leir an gceol riam; agus anaird agairt anocht, agus canfham ceol daoirb."

Ní fuit ariú do'n éol ro bheit milis, ro fíord, do éinri gus an ari aitair bhuairdeartha, ériáiríte, i fíord fíordachtaí ar bheo-milleasó a cheartair leathb ór comair a fúil, agus i fíord neart an cumhachtar fíord uíri-ríomháil ro gus an aitair go mairtin le taoirb an fuaire-Lóic Ógairbhíre.

have been three hundred years upon Sruth na Maoile, between Eriu and Alba and three hundred years at Iorras Domann and Inis Gluaire Brendan."

But Aoife has some kindness left. She cannot now take from them the evil effects of her malice, but she diminishes their discomforts as much as she can. She leaves to them their own human reason and their own Irish speech and the power of discoursing music so sweetly, so melodiously, that angry, hostile armies could not refrain from sleep while listening attentively to it.

In a short time the children were missed, and Lir felt in his own mind that destruction had been wrought on them, and he proceeded without halt to the shores of Loch Dairbhreach, and these human swans inform him that they are his own children, and that it is not in their power to go back to their human shapes again. It is the daughter, Fionnghuala, who speaks :—

"We have not power to associate with any person henceforth, but we have our own Irish Language, and we have power to chant wondrous music, and listening to that music is quite sufficient to satisfy the whole human race : and stay ye with us this night and we will discourse music for you."

That music must of necessity be sweet and soothing which put to slumber a sad and troubled father, who beheld the living ruin of his four children before his eyes, and it is a beautiful episode in this romance, that the father sleeps till morning beside that cold lake.

υτάνις νίοζαλταιρ σóιρι αρι άοιφε, παρι τ' αιγτησάδ θοόδ
Θεαρις λε ομιλοιύθεαςτ i γο νεανιαν αειρι.

Αγυρ αποιρ τομιζεαυ ηαοζαλ τοιλβ, βηόνας πα η-έαν
γο. Βα όνα αη τριεο θι οητα αρι Λοέ Θαιηθρεας, αέτ
απηραιν νο τις λεο α γεάιριθε τ' αγαλλαμ, αγυρ οεολ νο
γεινη νο έυηφεασ ηλιαιζτε έυμ ψιαν. Αέτ θι α ηέ
εαιττε, αγυρ νο β' ειγεαν τοιβ τυλ έυμ αοιζεαςτα αρι
Σηιτ πα Μαοιλε. Β' εαςτας ε αη αηιρο αγυρ αη εριασ-
ται ο' φυλαιινγεαθαιρι ο ψιος, ο θάιτις, ιη ο ζαιηθ-ψιον,
αγυρ ιη θηεάς α φοιλληιζτεαιρι ε 'γαν ηηι-γρέαλ.

.. Σιό τηιά αέτ τάιης πεαόνι οιύče έύια, αγυρ νο έυην
αη ζαοτ ηέ, αγυρ νο ηέαυηζεαθαιρι πα τοννα α θτριεαται
αγυρ α θτοριηάν, αγυρ νο λονηριαις τειν ζεαλάμ, αγυρ
τάιης ηγιαθασ ζαιηθ-αηφαιρι αρι ραν πα ραιηηζε, ιονηαρ
γυρι ηγιαθαιρι Κλαννα Λιρι λε έειλε αρι ρεασ ηα πόη-
μαρια, αγυρ τυγασ ηεαέριαν αη έυαιη έηη-θεαται οηιρια,
γο πας ρεαθαιρι ηεας τοιβ ηια ηλιζε, ηό ηια ηοαιρι α
ηθεαςαιρι αη έυιο ειλε.”

Σιλ αρι ηάγαθαιρι Σηιτ πα Μαοιλε νο ηηαηαθαιρι ηιαδαιρις
ειλε αρι α γεαριαιρ, αγυρ ιη έαςτας αη ηγέαλ πα τάιης
αορ πα ηέ ηέρι αρι Λιρι πα αη α ηηηηλαςτ λε ηεαθαιθ
ηηιαθαι. Ιηρ αη ηαοζαλ γο i η-α παιηηο, τά ομιλοιύθεαςτ
αρι ηας ηιό, ιη ηι έηγαηη αορ πα ηα ηεαθαιρι πα ηαλαιρι αρι έηι
πα αη ηαοηηθ. Ηη' ηγαν τηαοζαλ γο αρι ραν αέτ ηιοη-όηζε,
ιη παιηη, ιη ηηι-θηεάςταςτ.

Ιαρι θηάζθαιλ Σηιτα ηα Μαοιλε θοίβ νο έηγαθαιρι α
η-αζαιρι αρι ιοηηαιρ Θοηηαιηη, αγυρ ιη αηηρο νο εαρασ
οητα ηιη-θεαιρι νο έηηη ηιοη εηηηηαιρ α η-έαςτ, αγυρ Λέη
ηό-θαιηης ηηηηθαιρι α ηηοτα, αγυρ ιη τηητα ηά ηεαηα

Not long after that date a just vengeance came on Aoife, as Bodhbh Dearg transformed her by means of magic into a demon of the air.

And now the sad, sorrowful life of these birds begins. Sad was their plight on Loch Dairbhreach, yet, there they could converse with their friends and discourse music which put hosts to sleep. But now their time was due, and they must perforce take up their abode at Sruth na Maoile. Surprising was the labour and hardship they underwent by reason of the frost, the rain and the inclement weather, and beautifully are these troubles described in the romance.

“Now, when midnight came upon them and the wind came down with it and the waves grew in violence and in thundering force, and the livid lightnings flashed and gusts of hoarse tempest swept along the sea, then the children of Lir separated from one another and were scattered over the wide sea, and they strayed from the extensive coast so that none of them knew what way or path the others wandered.”

Before they left Sruth na Maoile they beheld their friends once again, and it is strange that neither age nor death came upon Lir and his party, though hundreds of years had passed. In this world in which they live, everything is under the spell of magic, nor age nor trouble nor disease comes on land or people. In this world there is only perennial youth, and beauty and loveliness.

When they left Sruth na Maoile they proceeded to Iorras Domann and here they fell in with a youth who wrote an account of their adventures, and who was delighted with the sweetness of their voices, and it is to

瞽úr amhráin ghluaisteann uimhaisc éte an chéad uairí ó béal Fiannagualán, agus go n-íarann rí ari a neamh-bháistíl ghlilleadh do'n t-aon Díla. Táir éirí a stíl éintíre beirt earráid amhráin fillíu éum Síle Fiannaíaitó, marí ari bhláthairí go mbeadh

“Lipí go n-a chealglaí, agus a mhuinnítear uile,” acht “ír amhlaidh fuaireadair an baile fár folamh ari a gcionn, gan acht maoil-riáchtá glasa agus doiriadá neannna ann. Gan tis, gan teme, gan tréib.”

Fá dhéiréadó teagmháisíodh leis na Círiortuitíib, agus fillíu ari a gcluimí daonna ariú. Acht do éisí na bliadanta oíche, agus ír círónna, foirbthe, fannu na gceann-daoime iad aonair. Baisteach iad, agus tuitiú i gáin-cóúlaí an bháis.

Ír d'oidh línn-ne ná fuil ríseal le fágáil i gnic na Litriúiseachta Gaeilge comh héacataí, comh hiongantacaí le “hOróeas Ó Clóinne Lipí.” Táistíonn ré ari Léiri-bhriúiseadó na nór nÉiríreannac do támair le teacáit na Círiortuitídeachta. Cuiréann ré i n-umail dúnún nári éiríscíú an Círiortuitídeacht ‘n-ari’ dtíri marí fár na haois-oróche, acht gúr maoil-céimneac, neamh-táraíodh do fuaireadair na hén riomra ari a bhíllíeadó éum baile ná meast na nór bhráigíneac ír tuisceachta, agus an tseifír móri do bhi idir an Sean-faoisíl agus an Saoisíl Muad i nÉirinn. Ír é ciállúisgeann an túníl do bhi ag na héanaithe daonna ro ghéillíeadó do Círiortuitídeacht ná uillimíacht nádúrtha na dúnche éum an círioneach ceart do glasaí. Ír an buairídearc fóm do támair oíche ná na héacata nádúrtha

be noticed that it is there for the first time that prayers escape from the lips of Fionnghuala, and that she asks her brothers to believe in the one God. When their period is spent here they return to Sith Fiannachadh, where they expected to find

"Lir with his household and all his people," but "they only found the place a desert and unoccupied before them, with only uncovered green raths and thickets of nettles there, without a house, without a fire, without a place of abode."

At length they fall in with Christians and they return to their human shape once more. But the years had told on them and now they are old, weak and withered. They are baptized, and sink into the quiet sleep of death.

It seems to us that there is no tale to be found in Irish Literature so strange, so wonderful as that of "The Fate of the Children of Lir." It deals with the breaking up of Irish customs that took place on the coming in of Christianity. It reminds us that Christianity did not spring up in our land as a mushroom growth, but that it is with a slow and steady step it advanced and settled down amongst us. The desert the birds found on their return signifies the decay of pagan and druidical customs and the vast difference that existed between the Old World and the New in Erin. The desire of believing in Christianity evinced by these human birds signifies the natural aptitude of the country for accepting the true faith, and even the very hard-

do éinigí na daoine i dtíreó an nuaistéadach do físeasadh.
1. Dtoiracé an físeil fagimaois jadairc ari Éireann na nuaistí,
le n-a curth aitir i gaoibhinn, le n-a curth cíosúdachta i g
meannan. Is fíor-þarritáir atá ór comhair ari rún, acht
bhrúidh na driocht-éalaonta amach ann, i gaoibhinn rún
déinteári dearlg-fáraí do'n þarritáir fain. Ní fhanann
ann acht bhrón i gbuairdearait i gcuaisneag, agus i mealg
uaisnír i gbuairdearítá na dúnche aighidhcheári ceol na
Cíosúrtuitheácta comh ciúin, comh milis le guth na cuairte
ari bhréacadaí an tráthnáisiú. Aír dtúir ní puinn do físeall-
teári do'n cheol fain, acht i gceionn tamaill dúnriúisí
cluig na hEachtrúire an macalla ó gcleann i gcomhair ari
fhuairt na tíre ari fad.

b'férdir, leis, go bhfuil corpnaileachét éigin 'fan
rgéal ro leis an ríglabhairgeachét d'fhlaingeadair ceitíle
cúigírde na hÉireann fá tháorí-ruacht na nGall, nuair
náir fágadh riúaine dá mbeartair náriúnta aca, acht a
nteaninga tútcáir féin agus a gceol ió-milis.

Τριαγήσιός εαπέ τοιμην, όσοι λέ, φυιλίας αρι ιρ εαδί Οιδεαύ
Κλονη Ήγρης, πόνηστε αρι φεαττη νεανή-τριαγήσιμειλεαέ.
Ατά ανη κάιλιρε να η-ύπη-ργέαλ, ειοδή γο δρυιλ πέ
λεαυιστέ ει δρύιμηνε αν τρεανέαιρ, αγυρ γο δρυιλ ειρο-
γεανή αγανην ούρ να γτάριταιβ αρι α λάν νορ να ναομιβ
νο τρεαγήσιζεαρ ανη λιμη, αγυρ πόρ βανεανη πέ γο
νλύιτ λε βειριτ ίπη-ργέαλ μό-φειρόμεαναιλ ειλε.

Do b'i Concuibar, Ri Ulaid, ag caitreamh flerde i dtig a treanċarde, eżiex do jingad u ingean do'n tħreanċarde. Adeiġi Cattabat, an ṭorlai, i ntawjixgħajnejet, għo ntakbha iż-

ships they were subjected to signify the natural calamities that prepared the people for the acceptance of the new doctrine. In the beginning of the tale we get a glimpse of the Erin of the druids and its joys and delights, its valour and high-spiritedness. It is a veritable paradise that is set before our eyes, but evil passions break out, and through their means this paradise is converted into a desert. Only sorrow and trouble and loneliness dwell there, while amid the loneliness and trouble of the land there is heard the music of Christianity as gentle, as sweet as the voice of the cuckoo at the dawn of Summer. At first little heed is paid to this music, but after a little time the church bells awaken echo from glen and cave throughout the whole country.

Perhaps also there is some resemblance in this story to the slavery undergone by the four provinces of Erin under the tyranny of the foreigners, when no trace of their natural existence was left them, but their native speech and their own delicious music.

“The Fate of the Children of Uisneach” is a deep melancholy bloody tragedy, founded on pitiless treachery. It has the characteristics of the romances, though it is based on historic truth, and we have historic knowledge of some of the characters we meet in it. Besides, it is closely connected with two other splendid romances.

Conchubhar, King of Ulster, was feasting in the house of his historian, and to the historian a daughter is born. Cathbad, the druid, declares in prophecy that she

mio-ád̄ iŋ millēad̄ ari Cúinsead̄ illað ari fad̄, agur tuigann
ré Óéigorie tair ainni uirte. Órtuigd̄eal̄ i no éongbáil
fá leit̄ i noaltaíar, agur ari rochtam̄ aoir̄e mná ói,
laibhann ri go múnac̄ ari an tairfeadh doibh'áil léri beit̄ ari an
bfeair̄ do bórrfad̄ ri. Óeigteal̄ léri go bfuil a leit̄eiro
rin t'óis-féar̄ i gceáint̄ an mios. Teagm̄aio le céile,
agur éalunsḡin ari aon go halbam̄, agur téir̄ beir̄
neairbhriáit̄ ari nlaor̄e le n-a cōir̄. Teagm̄aio mio-juaim̄-
near̄ ari an mios, i nuaite a na mná tairfeamhla, agur
laibhann a ériordé éum tioigaltar̄ do baint̄ ari na
cúigíadaiib. Acht cia bainfeair̄ an tioigaltar̄ rám̄ tioib?—
Ní hé Cú Culann na Connell Ceápm̄a, acht atá át̄
éigín le fágdbáil ari Féaridh Mac Róis, agur cuigteal̄
go halbam̄ é ná n-áigíar̄.

Torpuigseann truaigsm̄eile ari gseáil i gceáint̄ nuaige do
gpliúorann ari t-ád̄ nlaor̄e tré neair̄ tír-gpliáda éum
gluaigreac̄t a baire, iŋ gán torad̄ do baint̄ aigse ari
at̄-éair̄t ná ari bádgair̄t Óéigorie. Cúir nlaor̄e iontaoib
i bfeairidh, agur do meallan̄ é. Ní mios go bfuil i
litriugseac̄t aon gtaíri iŋ bhrónaigse agur iŋ doilbhé ná
beo-éumhine Óéigorie ag fágdbáil na halbam̄ ri:—

“ Mo éion duit̄ a tír út̄ fóir̄, agur iŋ mó-oile liom tū
o-fágdbáil, óir̄ iŋ aoibhinn do éuain agur do éalaú-jusúrt
agur do máiḡa mion-gsot̄aéa, caomh-áilne, agur do tukéa
taitneamháéa, taobh-uaine, agur iŋ beag do léigseamair̄
a lear̄ tū o-fágdbáil.”

Agur annraim leannann laor̄e beo-éaoimte, duibhrona, nuaigseac̄.
Ní léri-éamhigseac̄t laibhár Óéigorie, acht

would bring misfortune and the destruction of the entire province of Ulster, and he gives her the name of Deirdre. Directions are given that she be kept apart in fosterage, and when she grows up to woman's estate, she speaks cryptically of the beauty she should desire in the man who would be her husband. She is informed that such a youth is to be found in the king's court. They meet, and both escape to Alba, and Naoise's two brothers go along with him. Unrest seizes the king through the absence of the comely woman and his soul lights up to take vengeance on the heroes. But who will thus avenge them? Not Cuchulainn or Conall Cearnach! But Feargus Mac Roigh shows signs of weakness and he is accordingly sent to Alba to fetch them.

The pathos of the tale begins in earnest when Fate urges Naoise through love of country to return home, disregarding the entreaties or the threats of Deirdre. Naoise trusts to Feargus and is deceived. There is not, perhaps, in literature, any passage more sad and melancholy than the live-lament Deirdre chants as she is leaving Alba :—

“My love to thee O Land of the East, and distressed am I at leaving thee, for delightful are thy harbours and havens, and thy pleasant smooth-flowered plains, and thy lovely green-browed hills. and little need was there for us to leave thee.”

And then follows a sorrowful, lonely lay of live-lamentation. Deirdre does not speak in open prophecy,

if geall le tairgheasct urosc-amhras a chiorde:—

“O cróim néal 'fán aerí agur if néal folá é, agur do bhearrfainn comairle maití Óaoisíb-re, a Chloinn Uírgnáid. Ar rí, “nul go Dún Dealgan, mair a bhfuil Cú ēulann, nó go gcaictiú Fearnagur an fheadra, agur beirt ari comairce Chon ēulann, ari eagla ceilge Concuibhair.”

Acht ní tuigeadh séilleachd tú, amairt do éinir lucht na Tríre neamh-fhaim i mbriotibh Cárancoria.

“Ó nac bhfuil eagla oírlann, ní théanfaraimid an comairle rím,” ari Naoise.

Acht téaréann a urosc-amhras i léire agur i nroime:—

“A Chloinn Uírgnáid, atá comairte agam-ja Óaoisíb-re, má tá Concuibhair ari tí feille do théanamh oírlaibh.”

Agur tagann an comairte rím éum cinn, agur deirí rí,

“O h-Íreárrí mo comairle-re do théanamh fá gao teacáit go h-Éirinn.”

Sé bun ná traioscadhéacata an neamh-fhaim do éinir do Chloinn Uírgnáid i n-aicéadairtibh Déiriorie. Agur aonair tá riadh ghealmanachte i uTig ná Cíaoisíche Ruairí, agur toradhéacann an t-ári. Ní féidir Naoise fém do fáilteachd ari ériodáct:—

“Agur nó go n-áireamh ari gaoithí mairia, nó uille fheadra, nó truiméct fóir fheadra, nó réalta neimhe, ní féidir mionn ná áireamh a mairb do éamhais círach agur eantúileachd agur do mheadáil maoile-ðeargá ó lámhair Naoise ari an láthair rím.”

Acht ní fártar in-a h-aigpheasach b' Óiriorie:—

“Dári mo lámh, if buailád an tairas rím do mhsneachd lib, agur if oib an comairle do mhsneachair taoibh le Concuibhair go bhfeidh.”

but her soul's suspicions resemble prophecy.

"I behold a cloud in the sky and it is a cloud of blood, and I would tender you a good advice, O Sons of Uisneach," she says "that you go to Dun Delgan where Cuchulaimh is, until Feargus has partaken of the feast, and that you abide under the protection of Cuchulaimh through fear of Conchubhar's deceit."

But her words were disregarded just as the Trojans disregarded the words of Casandra.

"As we are not afraid we will not follow that advice," says Naoise.

But her suspicion of evil becomes clearer and its expression more vehement:—

"Sons of Uisneach, I have a sign for you as to whether Conchubhar intends to practise treachery against you."

And the sign she gives comes to pass, and she says,

"It would have been better to follow my advice and not come to Erin."

The disregard of the Sons of Uisneach for Deirdre's entreaties is the foundation of the tragedy. And now they are held close in the Red Branch House, and the slaughter begins. Naoise himself is unsurpassed for bravery.

"And till the sands of the sea or the leaves of the woods or dewdrops on the grass or the stars of heaven are numbered, one cannot count or reckon what number there was of heads of heroes, of warriors and of bare red necks from the hands of Naoise on that spot."

But Deirdre is uneasy in her mind.

"By my hand, victorious was that sally which you made—and evil was your resolve ever to put your trust in Conchubhar."

Amoiř Léimid tair ná ballairdib, iŋ̊ beirid Œílirioire leo, agus ńbeirid raoiri ari Čoncúbair go bhráct mina mbeasó suri cíuiř an tóraoi, ag s'éilleann do'n riúd, cos̊t le n-a scerioúdacht. Tuitid Clann Uírmis, agus éagann Œílirioire ari uaidis Naoiře. Mallačtuigeanann an tóraoi Eamain, agus tarinsearieann ré ná beiró ríliocht Čoncúbair go bhráct i Riochacht Ullao.

San úirlis-řiséal ro iŋ̊ Léiri suri b'é oibhriusgád an áis cíunne cloch-bum ná tóraigíódeaccta. Tugtarí iarrhaíac̊t ari an t-áis rian do jéanad, agus Œílirioire ná bádaijist gan faoiřeann ari Naoiře, iŋ̊ ná ðeimhinnisgád, acht ní s'éilleann Naoiře ná ghlór. Ríor-fáid do b'ead̊ ari uairib an tóraoi, acht coimhionann ré férin mórián ná tarinsearieac̊t, agus iŋ̊ deallriamád ná jaiř ríor aige go milleann an Rí Clann Uírmis 'nuaři do bain ré le tóraioródeac̊t a scumair níob. Acht tair éir a n-éagsa, filleann an tarinsearieac̊t ariř ari. Iŋ̊ éac̊tač é cumačt an tóraoi 'ran řiséal ro, a neart tarinsearieac̊ta agus cumař móri-čumairde do leasadh; acht cios̊ cumačtač é an tóraoi, ní'l ré 'n-a csumair, an t-áis do cíódeann ré go doríca ag teac̊t, do járusgád.

Ní'l ríse agairi cíum crialoib-říaoilead̊ do ńéanad̊ ari "Oídeasó Cloinne Tuigheann," acht iŋ̊ i an ionntaorib do lí aca ař an riúd do ðall an crioithe aca, iŋ̊ do cíup ař a scumair an t-áis do lí mótra do jéanad̊.

And now they leap over the ramparts, and they bear Deirdre with them, and they would have escaped Conchubhar for evermore, did not the druid stay their valour in obedience to the king. The Sons of Uisneach fall, and Deirdre dies on the grave of Naoise. The druid curses Emhain and foretells that the descendants of Conchubhar will never reign in Ulster.

In this romance it is obvious that the working of certain fate is the foundation of the tragedy. An effort is made to avoid this fate and Deirdre is incessantly threatening Naoise with it, and drawing attention to it, but Naoise heeds not her voice. The druid was at times a real prophet, but he himself fulfils much of his prophecy, and it is likely that he did not know that the king would destroy the Sons of Uisneach when he deprived them of their strength by magic. But after their death his prophetic soul returns to him. Wonderful is the power of the druid in this romance: great his gift of prophecy, and his capability of overthrowing great heroes; but powerful as is the druid, it is not given to him to avert the fate which he sees coming on.

We have not space to remark upon "The Fate of the Children of Tuireann," but it is their trust in the king that blinded their hearts and that rendered them powerless to avoid the fate that was in store for them.

an s e i s e a o h a l t.

na hanna lá.

‘O ḫisliúis a lá n do ḫiarróir álainn ’fian reacáitílaú
haois uéad, go mór-mór ’n-a ṭorac. Cio ó go ńfuisil
“Annála Ríogaícta Ériueann” ’n-a sciomhac ari an
uindaitig ari fad, ó cíead-ghaibhail na tíre, iñ ionúda
rígéal grieanníbar, iñ ionúda tuisceáil eadair iñ cumháir
ari earrbog, iñ ari rcoláire le fagbáil ionta, go mór-
mór ’fian scuir iñ uéidéanaisge vioib. Ír fíorí suír tógraú
an éirí iñ mó dor n a hAnnálaib ó fhean-leabhrailb ná
fuisil agair ari, agusír suír lean n a huigheairi rean-
caint n a leabharí ro, iñ suír ḫisliúis ari fóm i gcamáit
airbhéireac, ájurá, neamh-choitcianu, ná tuiscriúe ari suír
duaú, acht ’n-a thíairí fom, iñ minic a ḫisliúis ari fíar le
bhríse iñ fumneamh ari cíogaírín iñ ari círeacáib, iñ ari an-
bhríur n a h-Ériueann. Ír thíairí ná fuisil ag aon ériúc ’fian
uimí an ari oibreao fain reancáir iñ fceál iñ beartas
naomh iñ fílait, an ari oibreao fain tuiácta tarí gae ari fíalib
an tír, iñ ari gae fagbáir neithe bí le fagbáil ann—ari a
huigheairi n a h-Ériueann iñ ari a laocheirailb, cuimhne i nforair a cíle ó’n
uṭorac, bhláthaim i nforair bhláthna iñ atá le fagbáil in
na hAnnálaib feo, ó teacáit Čaerlairi dá fiúr lá róimh
an vile go dtí an bhláthaim 1616, o’aois ēriúrt.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANNALS.

There was a large amount of beautiful prose written in the seventeenth century, especially at the commencement. Although “The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland” are a chronicle of the entire country, from the first occupation of its land, there are many pleasant stories, many accounts of battles, and notices of bishops and scholars to be found in them, especially in the latter portion of them. It is true that the greater portion of the Annals were selected from old books which we do not now possess, and that the authors preserved the quaint old style of these books, and that they themselves wrote in a strange, antiquated, uncommon style, which would not be understood nowadays without difficulty: nevertheless, they often write with force and vigour on the battles, the spoils, and the slavery of Ireland. No country in the world, perhaps, possesses so much history and legend, so much of the lives of saints and princes, so much notice of what befel the country, and of all things it possessed, of its writers and heroes, so much of all these things, I say, arranged consecutively from the beginning, year after year, as is to be found in these Annals, from the arrival of Cæsar, forty days before the flood, to the year 1616 of the Christian era.

Is i nDún na nGall do cinniotaó le céile an tóirí-obraí reo, i gConbheirt na mbriádair, “do éait coirtair b'is ó agus fhuiochtáilne” leis na húsgaoairiú, agus is é ann do chruisceadh na hAnnála, 'jan mbliaodain 1636. Aitheir Mícheál Ua Cléirig féin gur b'easáid an tairis lá fiúid do m'í 1anuairi, Anno Domini, 1632, do tioncharaíodh an leabhar ro i gConbheirt Dhún na nGall, agus “do chruachnaightheadh iarrí gconbheirt céora an deachimáth lá o' Dhuibhrt, 1636.” Soírltear ari an obairi reo go minic, “Annála na Ceitíre Maigistriú.” Is iad riamh Mícheál Ua Cléirig, Conaire Ua Cléirig, Cucoráigíreacé Ua Cléirig, is Feareigríra Ua Maolchéonairie. Briádairi o' Óig ñaomh Francáig do b'easáid Mícheál, agus do b'é ainniu vo glaochtairde airi ná Taobh an tsléibhe. Do phigair é 'jan mbliaodain 1575, le hairt béal Átha an Sionnan, i gContae Dhún na nGall. Bí ré marí ón t-éag airge b'ait 'n-a chiomáicirde, is ní maríb chiomáicirde marí i nÉireann do éinri níos mó le céile rá feanácar is do bheatáir a ñaomh 'n-a an briádairi bocht ro, marí is é do ríriúb na leabhairi reo leanaí:—“An Réim Riocháirde agus ñaomh Seáncaíra na hÉireann” (1630), “An Leabhar Gabála” (1631), is 'n-a dtéann sí marí do ríriúb ré ríanaíóna nuaid i n-áirí minic ré mórián do chruadó-focailiú na fean-uigaoair. Aitheir hairrúr go bhfuairi ré bár 'jan mbliaodain 1643. Bí caint Mícheál féin rímpairde, deas, marí foillseachtaí 'jan feamáid-focal do éinri ré i dtoiríac na n-Annálae o' Feirgísal Ua Gabála.

Bí Cucoráigíreacé Ua Cléirig, dhuine eile uor na Maigistriúib, 'n-a céann ari an tréibh do mhuinntir Cléirig

It was in Donegal that this great work was compiled in the Convent of the Friars who entertained and waited on the authors, and there these Annals were completed in the year 1636. Michael O'Clery himself says that it was on the 22nd day of the month of January, 1632, this book was commenced in the Convent of Donegal, and that "it was completed in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1632." This work is often called "The Annals of the Four Masters," and these are Michael O'Clery, Conaire O'Clery, Cucogry O'Clery and Fearfeasa O'Mulconry. Michael was a brother of the Order of Saint Francis and he was usually called Tadhg-of-the-mountain. He was born in the year 1575 beside Ballyshannon in the County of Donegal. He was a hereditary chronicler, and never was there a chronicler in Ireland who compiled more of her history and of the lives of her saints, than this poor friar. For it was he who wrote the following books :— "The Succession of Kings" and "The Ecclesiastical History of Ireland" (1630), "The Book of Invasions" (1631), and in addition to these he wrote a new glossary in which he explained many difficult words in the old authors. Harris says he died in the year 1643. Michael's own style was simple and pretty, as is shown in the preface to the Annals he wrote for Fergal O'Gara.

Cucogry O'Clery, another of the Masters, was chief of the tribe of the O'Clerys who were in Tyrconnell.

do bhí i uTírí Chonáill. Do fghluioth ré, i stearaonta na n-Annálaí, “Beata Aoða Ruairí Uí Ó Domnaill.” agus ír ar an Leabhar fiam atógraí a lán do'n chuid óeipeannais doir na n-Annálaib. Obairi álainn, fumneamhail ír ead “Beata Aoða Ruairí.” Níl ré ari mór na n-Annálaí, acht cuité le céile le bhrí ír le taitac ó tús go deireadh. Ní húin-rfiséal, leis, é, acht rfiséal fuminte le ceartar, rfiséal áiri ír folá ír catúinste, rfiséal írlisste na hÉireann, ír a cuité i n-anbhrú. Tá caint an Leabhar feo árra go leor. agus a lán fhean-focal ír phároste le fagbáil ann ná tuisceadh aonair acht amáin lúct léiginn. Tá an caint. leis, capta go leor. agus móján vi do-éigre. Atáid na rianna mó-fada. agus an ionad bhuaidh-focal i nuaicid a céile ionta, acht ‘n-a óirí’ fiontachtaí, bunaídaracha atá an caint ann. agus aonraí ír annraí atá rí ari lárach le teag-airgineadh na bháid ír na bhileadh.

Ag feo an tsealainn agus an t-uiscí air ro ari éigean Éagára Ruairí —

“Do cheartar iarrú an uchibhruinne fóri an ghliseadh na gairbhíneannamh naimhdeasach 7 iu baoi do éigir 7 do tréinneart liu fíortha na fheabhsann (amairí iu ba bér vi), 7 daineastar gnáthach 7 do dhúinn leice duiibhleimhe mar éonair coitíne do triomflog 7 do dheneirte 7 do aúlairge na nGall neairbhearta bhitheasach 7 gur iu bairdte ille via ffearlais via mhalis via neachairí agus via eacpblié, go mhae tréachtan an tríortha i guthomhain Éagára Ruairí iarr. 7 ariúrde riarr gur an tuisiú móir.”

Besides the Annals, he wrote a “Life of Hugh Ruadh O’Donnell” and from this book a large amount of the Annals is taken. “The Life of Hugh Ruadh” is a beautiful and vigorous work. It is not in the style of the Annals, but composed with force and vividness from beginning to end. Neither is it a romance but a story told with truth and propriety, a story of slaughter and blood and sorrow, the story of the downfall of Ireland and her bringing into bondage. The style of this book is rather archaic, and there are many antiquated words and phrases in it which only the learned would understand now. The construction is, too, rather involved and much of it hard to follow. The sentences are too long, and too many adjectives are placed consecutively in them, yet the language is forceful and vigorous, and here and there it blazes up with the fire of the seer and the poet.

It is thus the author describes the Battle of Assarœ :—

“They then breasted that fierce unwonted torrent and on account of the strength and power of the current of the river (as was usual with it) and the difficulty of the very smooth surface of the flags as a common passage for the great host, and, moreover, from the weakness and feebleness of the foreigners, through want of a due supply of food, many of the men, women, steeds and horses were drowned, and the strength of the current bore them into the depths of Assarœ and thence westward to the ocean.”*

* The text of extract from “Life of Red Hugh O’Donnell” is taken from Father Murphy’s edition,

Úré Óubaltac Mac Fírbhriéid an ríosoláire ba éirí-eannaíse do éuirí gheimnealaíe na dtíreabhl éireannach i n-eagair le ríorí-fógsáum. Óo lusgád é i Leacan Mic Fírbhriéid, Contae Sligí, cinnéall na bliana 1585. Bí a dhíorthaí ríomhe 'n-a gheimnealaíib, agus ír le ceann aca do ríosolád ír do cimreabhl le céile "Leabhar Lecam" agus "Leabhar Buirthe Lecam." Óo hoileas Óubaltac 'ran Mumain fá Mumintír Aodhagáin, agus fá Mumintír Daibhían, agus do éaití ré úmhdóir ná fadaí fada ag cuí le céile gacá ari fán an trácht riam do gheimnealaíib na hÉireann. Ó'n mbliana 1645 go 1650, bí ré 'ran Ísailín, i gColáirté S. Micol, ag cuí le céile a móri-othair, "Craobha Coibneara agus Seneluis Ísaila Ísabala nári Ísail Éire ó'n Amra go hAðam." 'San Ísailín do bí carthraem aige ari Rúruí illa flaithealais agus ari usdair "Cambrensis Eversus," agus ír móri an congnamh do tuisc ré d'oirí ari aon. 'n-a óirí ré do bí ré ari tuairisctar aig Síri Lamair illaire, ag ailtíriusdád agus aig Léiri-mónusdád na gceann-usdair nÍsaeðealaíe go hár illaire, 'ran mbliana 1666. Óo maríba Óubaltac 'n-a feartúime 'ran mbliana 1670, i gContae Sligí, ír níor éiríte a leitítear do ríosoláire i nÉireann ó riam go hamhrír Eogain illa Comhriath.

Úrlaithóri-óibhre Óubaltais ag gheimnealaíe na hÉireann, ír fia an t-aonh do éuirí ré uirté do ríosolád go hiontúan, óir foillseachann ré óinni bun na hoibhre rím, mar do éear agusneadh Óubaltais é. Ag reo an t-aonh:—

Dudley Mae Firbis was the latest scholar who arranged the genealogies of the Irish tribes with thorough knowledge. He was born in Leacan Mic Firbis, in the County Sligo, about the year 1585. His ancestors before him were chroniclers, and it was by one of them that “The Book of Lecan” and “The Yellow Book of Lecan” was compiled and written. Dudley was educated in Munster under the Mac Egans and the O’Davorens, and he spent the greater part of his long life in putting together what remained at that time of the genealogies of Ireland. From the year 1645 to the year 1650 he was at Galway at the College of St. Nicholas compiling his great work “The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Tribe that invaded Ireland from the present time up to Adam.” At Galway he became acquainted with Roger O’Flaherty and with the author of “Cambrensis Eversus,” and great was the assistance which he rendered to both. After that he was hired by Sir James Ware, for translating and explaining the old Irish authors, up to Ware’s death in the year 1666. Dudley was murdered in his old age in the year 1670, in the County of Sligo, and so great a scholar did not appear in Ireland till the time of Eoghan O’Curry.

As regards Dudley’s great work on Irish Genealogies, it is well to write in full the title he gave it himself, as it reveals to us the object of the work as the mind of Dudley conceived it. This is the title he gave it :—

“Círlaobha coibneacha agus gaeilgeachas gácha gábhála
náirí gáibh. Éi me ó'n amhrá go hArdan (aéist Fomórais), Lao-
láinnais, agus Saoraisceall amáin, Láinnim ó t' an t-áthair náirí
ttír) go náomh-ísean-éar agus réamh míosúlairde Fórla fóir
agus fá threoirí gáibh na cnuimhneachas iarr náirí aibhíodh
na gblomte agus na hártae oifreacra luanter i gcu-
leabhair do teaghlach leis an Duibhaltach Mac Fírbhuis
Leacan. 1650.”

Tári éig éagsa an Duibhaltach, ní hainm feair i nÉirinn
ag a hainm eolair cinnite ari físean-obligeáilb na hÉireann,
nó ag a hainm neairt focail uoráca na físean-uigheair do
cúrlaobh-ísean-éar. Ba mór an tmeala é gáin amhrá, agus
iñ náimreac an físeal le n-alaitheas ná taighíonn Síri Lamer
Maire hainm ná amhrá, ciondóigh iomána físean-ísean-úininn
uoráca náistíl ré ari físean-úininn ná, iñ gurí mór an
congúlán do tuis ré uó éum a leabhair do éuir le céile
iñ do éairítear. Filleadh an físean-éar ari féin. Feair
eile marí an Duibhaltach do b'eaó Eoghan Ua Cúlairde. Ní
hainm feair eile i nÉirinn ag a hainm an oifreacra gair
eolair ari físean-úininn-éar ari hÉireann iñ ari a físean-
obligeáilb. Is iomána lá do éairt ré ari físean-úininn-éar
eap-úoráca ná noligeáil: do fhuair ré an duad, iñ fuaime
náomh eile an clú.

Aitá oét ná náoi n-oifreacra eile, buntanáraí ait-
físean-úininn-éar ó Láinn an Duibhaltach, Sanagáin, 7c. Níl i
leabhairí an Duibhaltach mórán do bhíorí bhrúisítear, aéist
ta an oifreacra gair leiginn ionta ná eapair iarr do
úearíata ná do leigean i bhfaillíse.

“The Pedigree and Genealogical Branches of every Colony that took possession of Erin from the present time up to the time of Adam, (except the Fomorians, the Lochlans and the Sax-Normans, only so far as they are connected with the History of our own Country,) together with the Genealogies of the Saints and the Succession of the Kings of Ireland. And finally a Table of Contents in which are arranged in Alphabetical order the Surnames and Noted Places which are mentioned in this Book which was compiled by Dudley Mac Firbis of Lecain in the year 1650.”

After the death of Dudley there was no one in Ireland who had an accurate knowledge of the old laws of Erin, or who could explain the difficult words of the old authors. He was unquestionably a great loss, and it is shameful to have to relate that Sir James Ware never mentions his name, though many are the old obscure texts he translated from Irish for him, and though much was the assistance he gave him to compile his works. History repeats itself. Another such man as Dudley was Eoghan O’Curry. There was no other man in Ireland who possessed so much knowledge of the ancient literature of Erin and of her ancient laws. Many a day did he spend investigating the difficult, intricate, obscure books of the laws. He underwent the labour and others reaped the fame.

There are eight or nine other works original or copied in Mac Firbis’s hand, glossaries and such like. There is not in Dudley’s books much forceful prose, but they contain so much learning that they should not be forgotten or neglected.

AN SEACHTAÍN AÓ HUALT.

SEACHTRÚN CÉITINN.

Ní h-aon uisgoair do bhunne an oibreao le Céitinn é um
léigheann iŋ litriúiseadct do consbháil beo i mearjs na
nuaimeadó, go mói-mór naomhe Leatála Mojsa. Níor
b'eaú gur rírioibh Seacthrún feanáear ró-thearct, ró-cinnite,
aict gur éinig ré le céile i n-aon bolg amháin na
tuairiúisíde do b'í le faghdáil ari Éirinn iŋ na fean-
leabharlaibh. Ní raibh tuairiúis eile le faghdáil comhdear,
comhruinnte iŋ do leat ré ari fuaidh na tíre. Ní raibh
aoninne 'n-a rcoláire foighanta ná raibh eolair aige ari
rtáir Céitinn, iŋ ní raibh círíochnúisadh déanta ari rcoláire
i rcoil go mbeadó maerfaimail déanta aige do'n "Bfóraí
Feara." I mearjs na dtuastáe rímpliúde ní leomhradh
aoninne amhras do éinig ari an gcuimintar tuisceann Céitinn
ari shabhall ná hÉigreann le Raptolan, iŋ leir an gcuim
eile do'n tréibh rím táir lear. Ní leomhradh aoninne feanáud
gur círéimeadó Gaeádeal Sláir le nátaru níme, iŋ gur
cnealairiùs Maorí a cneadó 'ran Éisírt le feartaisibh Dé.
Bíosair ná naomhe fealbhingste oífhírinne ná ríseal
rám, iŋ b'í a n-uiri-mór 'n-a mbeal aca, iŋ ní raibh dán
ná laorú gan tagairt éisín dor ná mói-shairisíb ari ari
tpháct Céitinn. Iŋ uois línn tusa mbeadó gur rírioibh
an "Fóraí Feara" ná beagd cumhne na fean-amhráine, ná
aonimeadá ná fean-fhlait, ná éalcta ná leomhan Leat comh-

CHAPTER VII.

GEOFFREY KEATING.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt, by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have

abairt i n-aigineadó ná nuaointeado if Íosaí ar leit-éad bliadán ó fionn.

If fíor, go denim, go jaiib ná neite seo i leabharlaib eile ar ari tóis Seachtain iad, acit níl uir-thóri doif ná leabharlaib seo le fagbáil i ntonn. Do cailleamairi iad, if tá an "Fóruig Feargá" 'n-ari meaird, gan focal, gan litípi ag teastabáil uair. Tamall ó fionn if ari éisín do bí duine uafal i gCúingeado Mumhan ná jaiib a maepramail do'n "Fóruig Feargá" go ceanamail i gcomhéad aige. Bí ré ag ná daoinib bochtá comh maist leif ná huairibh. If cumminn linn féin físeandóiri bocht do thairi i níarútarí Cíarphiaróe, nári thóri i oteannnta dótain ná horúche do bí 'n-a feilb, do chaitheamh dom a maepramail do Céitinn go ceanamail, cartá i linn-éadanach, if gan dul ag páistte brieit airi, ná nioigbáil ari bít do théanamh do. Ba gseall le leabharí nuaomhá é ari a mearf, if níorí nuaomhain do bí an leabharí riamh, marí if bleartha cíumún do bí tuairiúr ari gac leatanaí de i gceann an físeandóiria, agus ba threacairi áitseamh airi go jaiib focal acit fíjunne 'fan théire do físeandóir Céitinn ari Fennur Fearnag, ari Phártolan, if an éint eile aca. Tá cumhne Céitinn fór i meaird daointeado nári léig, if ná feacairí jumhí a éint raothair. If doirí leif a lán go jaiib nuaointeado acit éisín ari an nuaime, nó gurí ó neamh do chaitheamh ré cumhantair ari fean do chaitheamh nuaime. Ní thóri an t-iongnadó gurí éisítear na daointe nári nuaime daonna Seachtain. Do chreibeas Sallta do b'eadh é, acit 'n-a nuaime jum bí ré iompi *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceas ó éisiorde amach

been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while “The Forus Feasa” is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of “The Forus Feasa” affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were “more Irish than the Irish themselves.” He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity,

Seagairt, Dochtúir Tiadáctica do b'eadó é. Feairi Léigeannta i Láithin is i Leabhráib na n-Aitíneac do b'eadó é, is éait ré a lán d'aoisgál 'fan b'frianc. Acht 'nuaipi d'fhill ré a báile tuis ré é fém suar ari fad d'obair na hEaglais le Díoscoríad iongantaird gair cunneacó muasairt meastá air, is gur b'éigean do uilí bfolac i gcumadri doilbh i nGleann Easáirla. Is é an muid is iongantaird i mbéaltaird Séadhamh go bfuairi ré niam is caoi ari na Leabhair do teangeal agus uaird i gcoiri a feanáil, do bairilisgdáin an fáid do b'fán is muasairt air. Do fhuileil ré go Connachtach is go Túire, acht ní móri do mear do b'fág feairáiib illa ná ag Connachtach air. I gcionn tríu nór cealtairi do bhláthantaib bí an "Fómair Feara" go Léiri cunjá i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do ríomhós ré fór d'á Leabhar riada, "Eocairi Sgiath an Áifíunn," agur "Trí Biori-Ásaithe an Báir."

Dála an "Fómair Feara," toradhéann ré ón b'fíor-tóraí, is tagann annar go 1200. Tá ré lán do feanúinnaib i n-a mbairilchéar ammeacáda na tréas do tháinig go hÉirinn, is i n-a gcomhcheair le céile na hÉacáta do bám leo. Tá a bfuil i bhríocht de, leir, annró is annró níctha le ammeacáib taoireac is fíliat is a ghealaib gheiméala. Níor é ceap Séadhamh aon nír ó n-a meabhair fém; gád a dtuiginn ré ónúinn—na rísealta, na hÉacátrairde, na gábháiltair na hÉacáta ari muri is ari tí—muairi ré iad go Léiri i fean-leabhráib do b'fá mear ag ollamhnaib is páirib. Ní minne ré acht iad do éirí le céile is d'aontusgdáin. Dá mbéalt ré ag ait-

a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight, to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole “Forus Feasa” within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, “The Key-Shield of the Mass” and “The Three Shafts of Death.”

As regards “The Forus Feasa” it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the Tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there over-crowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself, what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea,—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having

rgphiothach ná neiteadh riu i nruim, agus a airgeadach láin do léigeanann ná hainmhríre rao, níl dearlmhad ná go scuirfeadh ré a láin thíos i leat-taoibh, do bhris ná baineann riad le phíp-peanáir. Acht do ríomíosh ré an “Fórum Fheargha” tá seall le tuisceadh bliadán ó fionn, agus ní hiomsgnád ná riab é an oibreadh rai n ainnriair i dtaoibh phípunne ná n-éacht ro an trácht rai. Agus i gceann an scéadach atá an rgéal ag tionscail eile. Tá a láin éacht i gceanntria i gfeanáir na Rómha do chiseo na Rómánaid go hiomláin i n-aithriú Úigil i gCóibín — ná fuisil ionta acht úinigréalta na bhfileadh. Ar an nór scéadach ní séilleann aon rgoláire anoir d'eacthaibh hengirt i ghorra agus tá leitheadóiríibh d'eacthíaróibh i gfeanáir na Brieataine.

Acht ’n-a thíos riu, ní ceapit a dearlmhad go mbíonn bunaðar phípunne inar na rgéaltaibh rao do ghnáth. Níor éum na filidhe rgéal ari dtúigí gan deallúlam éisim do bheit ari — *nec fingunt omnia Cretæ* — ciond go scuirfeadh leir i mbaile ná mbliadán, i dtírteo ná haitneocairde é pá óeigieadh. B’ole an bairil ari thíos ná bheit úinigréalta do’n tráchtar rai cíuinniúcháin i meargtach tuisceadh a cura gfeanáir. Ba éomártach é ná riab file ná páid le rinnfeariaibh i meargt a daonaneadh, i gceanntrí aca a cail ná a ghlórí.

Ig alainn an thíos-Úigollaí a chuirfeann Seastairín le n-a “Fórum Fheargha.” O teacht an daingin hengist anall éusgairí i gcomóide, níor é gá i gceanntrí aca a cail ná húsdraíri Sagartannais acht ag cuairt ior bhréagha i gceanntrá

his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote “The Forus Feasa” almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. “The Cretans even do not invent all they say,”—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognize it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his “Forus Feasa.” From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies

αιτίρε αρι αρι ηνύτέαρ. Σιολιοιο τε Βαρρια, Stanihurst, Camden, Ηαππερι, ιρ αν τριεαδ̄ ραιν υιλε—ηί ψαιδ̄ υαέα αέτ̄ ρινη νο όυρι βά όοιρ αρι οτάιρ, ιρ ό τειρ ριν ορέα, ρινη νο μαρλυζαδ̄ ι γτάριταιδ̄ φαλλα. Αγυρ ταρι έιρ αρι θρεαριανη νο θαιτ̄ σίνη, βα θρέασυιζε ιρ βα ταρι-
σαιρηιζε νο θιοθαρι 'ηά ψιαν. Όοτις Seafordi ψύτα 'ραν σίον-θριολλαć λε ψυπηεαṁ ιρ λε φειρις. Όο ρτοιλ ρέ αρ
α ύειλε αν ψάμιειρ μαρλυζεαć νο όυρι αν Βαρριαć 'η-α
λεαθαρι, ηίοι ψάδ ρέ ψινη νο Stanihurst γαν ψέαθαδ̄,
ιρ τριοι ε τυριανης α λάιμε αρι Καμδεν ιρ αρι Spenyeri.
Σο θειοιη ιρ γεαλλ λε γαιργιόθεαć πόρι έισιν ε — λε Com
Culainn ηό Δισιλ — α όυιν αιρην γλέαρτα 'η-α λάιη,
έαθαć ρλάτα ό μυλλαć σινη γο τριοιζέιθ αιρι, ιρ ε αζ
γαθάιλ λε σίοςγιαρι ιρ λε σιαν-φειρις αρι ηα θαοιηθ θεαζα
ρο νο θεαριθιζ ειτεαć ι γροιηηθ α ύντέαρι, ιρ νο μαρ-
λυιζ α μυιηητεαρι. Όά ιθεαδ̄ ρέ αρι παιητεαη ι ησιη,
ταθαλιφαδ̄ ρέ φαοθαρι βατα νορ ηα ρεανέαιοθι ατά αποιρ
βά μόιη-ψεαρ, αρι Φιουνθε ιρ αρι Μας Αινλαοιη, ιρ αρ
ηume.

Αθειρι ρέ 'η-α σίον-θριολλαć :—

“ Ή’ Ι γταιηθε θά ργριοθανη αρι Ειηιηη ηαć αγιαριαιδ̄
λοέτα αγυρ τοιθέιμε νο ταθαιριτ νο ψεαν-Σαλλαιδ̄ αγυρ
νο Σαεθεαλαιδ̄ θιο; θιοδ̄ α φιασηηηρε ριν αρι αν τειρτ
νο θειρι Cambrieneri, Spenyeri, Stanihurst, Ηαππερι,
Camden, Βαριειρ, Μοιηρον, Θαθιρ, Campion, αγυρ γαć
ηιαδ̄-Σαλλ ειλε θά ργριοθανη υηιτε ό ριοι αιαć, ιοηηηρ
γυιαθέ ηόρ θεαζηαć αι ρηιομρολλάμ νο ψηνηο αγ
ργριοθαδ̄ αρι Ειηεαηηαćαιδ̄ ιρ ε νο ψηνηο
εριομαδ̄ αρι θέαραιδ̄ φο-θαοιηεαδ̄ αγυρ καιλλεαć ιθεαζ
η-ύηι-ίρεαλ αρι θταθαιριτ παιτ-ψηνηοη ηα η-υαραλ ι ηθεαρι-

about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanhurst, Camden, Hammer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia*, with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanhurst that he did not rend to bits, heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia* :—

“There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanhurst, Hammer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting

πατο, αγυρ αν μέιδ α θάμεαρ μη να γεων-Σαεθεαλαιβ
νο βί αγ λίτινζαό αν οιλεάνιν γεο μηα ηγαθάλταιρ να
γεων-Σαιλ,” γε.

Ἡ γεινικ α γοιητεαρι αν Ηεροδοτυρ Σαεθεαλαέ αρι
Σεατηύην, αγυρ ιρ τεινιν γυρι τόρι α θριηλ νο χορ-
ματιλεάτε εατοριτά αριαον. Τά ειντ Σεατηύην θεαρ,
γιωρλιόε, πιλιγ-θηματηριαέ, μαρι έιντ “ Αταρι αν τΣεαν-
έαιρ.” Σέαναιρι αριαον θαοτ-φοσαι, ηελιη-θημιόζημαρι,
ηελιη-φατόμεανηλα, αέτ ’η-α η-ιοναρι ατά γιωπνεανι ιρ
τατας ι ηγαέ λίνε τά γτάριταιβ. Κιμιρι αριαον ιρτεαέ
να ήνιη-γρέαλτα θάμεαρ λε η-α ητίρι, γαη απήιαρ νο
έιηι αρι α θημινη. Β’έ Ηεροδοτυρ αν έέαρι γτάιηιόε
νο έιηι γεωνέαρ να Σηρέιγεαέ ι η-εαγαι ιρ ι γειηη-
νεαρ, αγυρ οιοδ γυρι θ’φανα ’η-α θιαιρ νο γημιόορ γέ,
β’έ Κέιτινη αν έέαρι γεωνέαιόε θ’όριουης ιρ νο έεαρτιης
ι γλαέτ, ιρ ι η-εαγαι ιρ γεωνέαρ να ηΣαεθεαλ. Όο θαη
να φιλιόε — να Σηρέιγιης ιρ να Ρομάναις — α Λάν αρ γτάρι-
ταιβ Ηεροδοτυρ, αγυρ ’γαη γευμα γεέαθηα της Κέιτινη
ιηνθεαρι α ηνόθαηιν νορ να φιλιόιβ Σαεθεαλαέα, θ’λοθ-
αγάη Ήα Ραταιλλε, νο Σεαζάη Κλάριαέ Μας Θομηναιλ,
ιρ θ’εοζηη Ρυαό. Αέτ ηι φειεινη θιοζηιαη ι ηταοη
να φημινη, ηα φεαης έηηη ηειηαρ α έιηε αρ αη
ηΣηρέαγαέ. Βιονη γέ οιηη, γοσαιη, γέηη ι γεοιηηηόε ι
μεαης γτάρια ιρ ήηη-γρέιη, *et quidquid Graecia mendax*
audet in historiis, αέτ ηι λειζφεαό αν Σαεθεαλαέ μιαιηη
νο έεαριτ ηά νο έάιη α έιηε λε η-α θεαριζ-ηαηιον.

Οβαιη λειζεαντα, θοιηηιη ιρ εαό “Τηη θιοη-Σαοιτέ αη
θάη,” Λάν νο γηηιαητιη ηιαόα ιρ νο ηαέτηαιη φατόη-

the illustrious actions of the nobility and every thing relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this Island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with

eamail ari an beacaithe daonna, if ari a érioc. If ion-gantae ari tóis ré ar gean-uighealaib if ar oibhealaib na náomh, agus if bleartha tág an obairi ari fad riomhante i leabharlaib agus i u-altaib. Acht if trion, Laoineamhail an éaint atá ann ó túnif go neireadh, bionn go bhfuil rí bleartha rúar annro if anuinfidh le rígéal Beag Shiueannáir thairi an eacúrla rúin ari "Mac Reccan."

Obairi an-léigeannta i nuaodhaíte if i nórannaiib na hEachlaise if eadó "Eochairi Sgiat an Áifhinn." Ní leiri túinn aon uigheal eilec iuirnear an oibreadh rúin do chuidírigh ari neitib báinear leis an Áifhinn, comh beacait, comh ciunte rín i leabhar tág méri. Ócht 'n-a cheannra rúin, tág an éaint comh ríomhliðe, comh grieannra, comh binn, comh bhlíosnáir rúin, gan baot-foclair na riáidíb cartá gur furiar te d'aoineadh é léigeanadh gur i nua.

Ó amhráin Céitínn aonair níor i ghríosadh a lán do phróir bunaodharach. Do cuipeadh átháil eacúrlaisté le céile agus if rígéalta ari shníomháitib aitac, agus ní mó 'n-a cheannra rúin. Do luisgeanair na huighealaír Gaeálacha ari rianna do túnraighealt, if ba milleif, aonáin a gcuirteán if aonáin.



astonishing fullness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church Ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.



ΑΝ Τ-Ο Ο Τ Μ Α Τ Η - Α Τ.

ΑΝ ΠΑΟΜΙΑΣ ΗΔΟΙΣ ΝΕΑΣ ΑΓΙΩΝ Η-Α ΘΙΑΙΩ.

Μί πόρι όο γρηίοναό το βηρόγ Σαεύεαλαέ ι γειτεανή ηα παομίασ ηδοιη νέας. Βί αν υρεαν αγ α γαιθ πεαρτ ε όο γρηίοναό γραοτηιαέ αγ αιτ-γρηίοναό λεαθαρι Λάιη-γρηίοντα ι η-α γαιθ ρηρόγ ιρ λαοιότε μεαργτά τηέ η-α έειλε. Μί γαιθ αέτ φίοη-θεαγάν αγ α γαιθ πεαρτ αν Σαεύεαλς όο λειζεαό, αγιη ηι γαιθ ρυίην Σαεύιλσε νά έλούθηαλαό, ι υτρεο ηά γαιθ φονη αρι αοιμη α έιηθ αιμηρη όο έαιτεανή γο πεαν-έοριανται αγ γρηίοναό βηρόγ θηναθάριά. Όο ευηρεαό θεαγάν θαράνταρ λε έειλε ιρ γιοσαιόθε θεαγα νά γαζαρ, αγιη ηι'λ α έιηλλεαό λε ταιγθεάναό αγαιη όο βηρόγ θηναθάραέ ι γειτεανή αη έέασ έλογων όο'η ηαομίασ ηδοιη νέας. Τυγαθαρη ηα υαοιμη αρι φαρ, ιοηι λειζεανητα ιρ πεαν-λειζεανητα, αη Σαεύεαλς γηαρ έιην θάιρ. Αη θεαγάν αγ α γαιθ εολαρ ειηπτι, ιρ ο'φέαθφαό ι όο γρηίοναό γο θλαγτα, ηιοη έυηρεαθαρ λινε θι ι ηθιαίω α έειλε. Ήιοη έυηπηάδ αοιμη ασα αρι φεαηέαρ ηό εαέτηρα ηό γρεαλ γρεαηη-θαρ όο γρηίοναό, γηαη οθαιη φεαλληραηηαέτα όο θα. Μί γαιθ πεαρτ αγ ηα υαοιμη α λειτέινηθε όο λειζεαό, αγιη νά θηισ γηη ηιοη θ'φηη ο'αοιμη ταθαιητ φύτα.

'Σαη αη γεέανηα, αιηαέ, ήι λάη-τηιηλ όο βηρόγ θηρεάδη πεαν-έοιτέιαηη αρι γηιηθαλ ι μεαργη ηα ηθαοιμεαό. Μί γηαη λοέτ όο ήι αη βηρόγ γηη, γο υειηηη, αέτ 'η-α θιαίω γηη, όο θαηη α λάη όο έάιηιη αη βηρόγ ιρ φεάηη λε φαζθάηη

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

There was not much Irish prose written during the nineteenth century, or during most of the eighteenth. Those who were able to write it, were busy transcribing manuscripts in which prose and verse were mingled together. Only very few were able to read Irish, and there was not much printing of Irish matter, so that no one was inclined to spend his time fruitlessly in writing original prose. A few “Warrants” were composed, and little things of that kind, but we have nothing further to show in original prose during the first half of the nineteenth century. People in general, the learned as well as the unlearned, gave up Irish as lost. The few who were well versed in it and who could write perfectly, did not compose a line in it. None of them dreamt of writing a history, or a tale, or humorous story, not to speak of a philosophical work. The people were unable to read such things and for that reason it was not worth anyone’s while to undertake them.

During the same time, however, there was a great flood of beautiful, splendid prose in circulation amongst the people. That prose was not, indeed, without fault, but at the same time it possessed several of the good qualities of the best prose in the world. Many are the

’jan νομίαν λειψ. Ηγιαστός τεάς αρι φυσιόν πα γερμίος
ι η-α μηδίού τάμπτε οιόσε βασια γειτήριό ας έιη τεάς το
λιονυμάτι λε γρέαλταις Φιοννιθέας τα ιφ θεάς της
μητρός τά γαζαρ—γρέαλτα σημάδα ιφ γαργιό, έας τα υο
μηνεασαρι ατάις αρι πυρι ιφ αρι τίρι, γρέαλτα σομέαρσαι
ιφ τομηλαργάλα, γρέαλτα σημαίθεας τα ιφ γεαργαν.

Σια ασα, όο γρημίοβας αρι ωτύιρ πα γρέαλτα ρο, πό¹
ιαν ο’ αιτήμι, ι ωτηρεο συρι τανγασαρι αρι βασι ο βέαλ γο βέαλ,
ιφ νεαρις το ιαίς α λάν τοιού ι μεούσαν πα θαούρε γάλ
ταρανη ζομή γκεαμάν, ζομή μιλιρ, ζομή γοιλέιρ, ζομή²
βινη, ζομή σεολημάρι, ζομή τατασαέ λειψ αν βρησόρ ιφ βεάρηρ
’jan ωτεανγαν Φιανσαις, αγυρ ιφ νεαλλημάτας συρι
θαμεασό α λάν τά ηγαριθαρ τοιού ι γιτ πα πηλιασάν λε
πεαριτ γιορι-αιτήμιρε. Όο ποτινής αν τ-αιτήμιρεοιρ συρι ζόιρ
τό α γρέαλ όο θέαναν γοιλέιρ, γο-τινιστέ, συρι ζόιρ όο
απηρο ιφ απηρύνο α ανάλ όο ταρημαντ, ιφ γορ βεας όο
ταθαιριτ όο’ν λιέτ έιητεας τα, όο ποτινής γέ συρι ταλιθίε
τό έας τα γρέιτ όο ταθαιριτ παισ λε θέμε ιφ λε φυμ-
ηνεαν, αγυρ α ιαίς τηματιζημέιτεας, νοέμα απο ο’ αιτήμι
λε πόλαρι ιφ λε σοματιταύοις εατινιστέ, ιφ πίορ β’ ιονγουας
το βραζας τας αιτήμιρεοιρ αν γρέαλ ό’ν τέ τάμις ποιηε,
αταρημιντέ βεασάν έισιν απηρο ιφ απηρύνο, αέτ το
πηθεας γέ πίορ φυμτε, πίορ βινη, πίορ βηριοξημαριε.

Πίορ β’ απηναν βόρ γυρι β’ οριάινεοιρ πελμ-ζοιτέιανη
αν τ-αιτήμιρεοιρ βέμ, ιφ το ιαίς γέ λάν-οιτε ιφ πα
ελεαραι λε η-α γευητεαρι θεορια λε γύιλις ταονηα, ιφ
πύργαιτεαρι ορηας ιφ άλασ ι λάρι εροιότε, αγυρ ιφ πηνης
όο ζηηρ γέ αν λιέτ έιητεας τας ασ επιτ λε ανφας, πό ας

houses throughout the country in which crowds were assembled during the long winter nights, listening eagerly to Fenian Tales and to stories of the same kind, stories of love and heroism, exploits performed by giants on land and on sea, stories of conflict and wrestling, stories of magic and of *geasa*.

Whether the stories were written down at the first, or recited so that they passed on from mouth to mouth, it is certain that many of them were, at the middle of the last century, as smooth, as sweet, as clear, as harmonious, as musical, as substantial as the best prose to be found in the French Language, and it is likely that a great deal of their roughness was eliminated in the course of years by constant repetition. The reciter felt that it behoved him to make his story clear and intelligible, that it behoved him here and there to draw his breath and to give a little rest to his hearers, that it would be advantageous for him to deliver the tragic occurrences, in the story with vigour, and to narrate what was pathetic and sad in it with sorrow and signs of emotion, and it was not surprising that each reciter should get the story from him who preceded him somewhat changed here and there, but better constructed, more melodious and more forceful.

Often, too, the reciter himself was an orator of uncommon powers and was fully versed in the artifices by which human eyes are made to pour out tears, and groans and pains are excited in human hearts, and often did he cause his hearers to tremble with fear or to

gol le buairdóirt le n-a férdaíant, iŋ le fuaim a ḡoča. Agus rój, do toṄaō cūm ait̄rūj Ṛzéalta r̄imp̄l̄e, ná riab̄ j̄iō-ċar̄ta ná ṭo-ċuiḡt̄e, Ṛzéalta ḡan mórián mion-éac̄ta ag dul tr̄iōča. Ṣzéalta do b'eaō iad do'n ṭraṄar̄ ro: do toṄaō ḡaileas̄c̄ éiḡin, iŋ do cuipead̄ tr̄é éac̄taib̄ iongantača é; iŋ minic do b̄ioō ré i ṭceannat̄aib̄ éaḡa; iŋ minic i n̄olúč-ċom̄meaj̄ḡar̄ le hačac̄ n̄iř-Ṅjána, nó r̄á ḍ̄jáor̄deac̄t, nó r̄á ḡeara loč do ṭaoj̄ḡar̄, nó bean éiḡin do b̄i ari r̄án do ṣoláčar̄. Iŋ minic do ṭaġaō óg-bean ūruał do b̄ioō i n̄ḡiáō leij, cūm cab̄juiḡt̄e leij. B'é c̄riúc̄ na neit̄eas̄ reo go leijí ḡuri cuipead̄ ari r̄iub̄al i meařs na n̄uaoimead̄ bol̄ḡ móri ḫrióir̄ nári b̄uairdeas̄ riam̄ ari ari roiléim̄eac̄t iŋ ari b̄innear̄. Aom̄uiğ̄tear̄ anoir̄ go coit̄eiam̄ ná fuil leit̄eiro filio-eac̄ta na haim̄rije reo ari b̄innear̄ le Ṭaġbáil, acht iŋ minic a ḍ̄eap̄mat̄ar̄ go b̄fuil an ḫrióir̄ n-a f̄liğ̄iō fém̄ cōm̄ binn, cōm̄ bl̄asta leij an b̄filiódeac̄t. N̄il am̄iar̄ ná go b̄fuil Ṣolormith ari na huġ̄dařiaib̄ iŋ roiléim̄e le Ṭaġbáil i m̄b̄éap̄la, agus ná fuil ré ḡan mil̄reac̄t iŋ bl̄ař. Tá a lán doj̄ na Ṣzéaltaib̄ dá ṭaġriam̄ cōm̄ roiléim̄e le ḫrióir̄ Ṣolormith, agus a scaint i b̄fad̄ níor binn iŋ níor ceolmaire ná a čam̄ jin.

Do cuipead̄ beagán beag doj̄ na Ṣzéaltaib̄ ari a ṭriáctaim i ḡcluō le Ṭávraigs ua Laođair̄ agus beagán eile le ṬubṄlař de h̄iħe, agus férdořar̄d̄ an leit̄eoir̄ a meař fém̄ do ṭaħbar̄t ari a roiléim̄eac̄t iŋ ari a mil̄reac̄t.

Iŋ f̄ior̄ go ueum̄ ná fuil r̄an ūri-rīori acht Ṣzéalta ag rič i meařs na n̄uaoimead̄ ṭuatač, agus go b̄fuil a lán viob̄ ari b̄éiřeac̄ go leon. Acht ari uaiub̄ tā miamač v̄iřene b̄rióž̄m̄ar̄ iŋ v̄-f̄oillk̄ruž̄aō ɻonnihač ag ḡaħbáil tr̄iōča. Acht cibé meař a ločt̄ mar̄ Ṣzéaltaib̄, iŋ

cry with grief by his very look and the sound of his voice. And further, there were selected for recital, simple stories which were neither too intricate nor too hard to understand, stories without many episodes, or by-plots running through them. They were stories of this sort: a hero was selected and put through wonderful feats; often he is at the point of death, often in close conflict with a hideous giant, or under the spell of magic, or under *geasa* to drain a lake or to fetch some lady who had strayed. Often a fair young lady who loved him came to help him. It resulted from all these circumstances, that there was put in circulation amongst the people a large repertory of prose which has never been surpassed in clearness and harmony. It is now generally admitted that the poetry of this period is unsurpassed in harmony, but it is often forgotten that the prose is in its own way as harmonious, as perfect as the poetry. There is no doubt that Goldsmith is one of the clearest writers of English, and that he is not without sweetness and propriety. Many of the stories to which we refer are as clear as Goldsmith's prose, and their style far more harmonious and musical than his.

A few of the stories to which I allude were printed by Patrick O'Leary and a few more by Douglas Hyde, and the reader can form his own judgment of their clearness and sweetness.

It is true, indeed, that the greater part of them are only folk tales circulating in country districts, and that many of them are ridiculous enough. But occasionally there is a vein of forcible eloquence and of brilliant description running through them. But whatever fault

fhiu iad aithe maité do thábhairt dóibh ari fion a roiléireacácta iñ a mbinnír.

Ní'l aon locht ari þjór iñ meara ná caint jró-mórí agus na rmuainte gúarlaí, neimh-þriúoðmari. Ní'l an locht fiam le faðbáil ari na rsealtaib seo. Tá an caint iñ na rmuainte oibreannáid. Anoir iñ ariú, gan amhras, tá rsgaoth do þriatjail i ndiaid a céile, do réirí driochnóir gean-uðraí áiliúte gan ruinn bhríoð nátaid ionnta. Acht ní'l iñ na raiptiðib seo, acht fé marí bheadh cnuinniugás do éarríalgeacáib tuairteamhla do thagann annro iñ annrúid ríomh ríuit lúaimheac bionn ag réidh-þileas ó þriatjail. Ní mó a Þfniil do þjór roiléiri, binn, milis-þriatjail 'fan mBhéarla. Tá an chuid iñ mó óe tpiom, neimh-ckeolmari, do-thuigte. Ní marí ríom do'n þjór Fjannacaí. Tá a lán óe binn, milis, iñ comh roiléiri leis an ngriéin, agus na rmuainte cuicta i gceann a céile ann go hórpainigte rílaíctímarí. Ní'l uainn féin i stórasaí na haoríre seo cumhacht-þjór d'abairtiusgás acht rmuainte árda, neamh-choitcianna do fuaidhmeas leis an roiléireacácht iñ leis an binnear atá le rísearlaib marí ónteach agaunn, agus atá le faðbáil go flúiríreac iñ na rsealtaib do cleacátarai ari n-aithrireasca ór na ciantai.

I mít an céad éadorth do'n naomhaí haorír óeas do júnneas airtíruisgás do Hædilz ari bheagán do leabharlaib diaða ó'n mBhéarla iñ ó'n Láirín. Ní'l amhras gur b'é an ceann iñ feárrí ríobh ro an t-airtisgás ari "Imitatio Christi," do júnne an tAistír Óonnall ua Súilleabáin, timcheall na bliana 1822. Iñ dois línn féin go Þfniil an obair seo ari na hairtisgáitib iñ feárrí do júnneas ari leabhar a Ceimírigh iarr, agus iñ ionrú a teange i n-a Þfniil ré le faðbáil. Ba óeasair an obair i, óiri b'í a lán do þriatjail iñ do riártib 'fan

they may have as stories, they deserve much attention for the sake of their clearness and harmony.

There is no greater fault in prose, than bombastic language, with mean, trifling ideas. This fault is not to be found in these stories. The style suits the ideas. Now and then, indeed, there is a host of words marshalled one after the other according to the bad habit of certain old authors, without much force or substance beneath them. But these passages are like a collection of massive rocks that come here and there before a headlong stream, flowing freely from a mountain's brow. There is not much clear, harmonious prose in English. The greater part of English prose is heavy, harsh, and hard to understand. Not so with French prose. Much of it is sweet and harmonious and as clear as the sun, while the thoughts are marshalled in it in due order and propriety. In the beginning of this century, if we wish to bring new prose to maturity, it only remains for us to wed high, noble thoughts to the clearness and harmony that we have inherited for generations, and which are to be found abundantly in the stories our ancestors cherished for ages.

In the course of the first half of the nineteenth century a few pious books were translated into Irish from English and from Latin. Certainly the best of these is the translation of "The Imitation of Christ," which Father Daniel O'Sullivan made about the year 1822. It seems to us that this work is one of the best translations ever made of à Kempis's book, and many are the languages in which it is found. The work was a difficult one, as there were sayings and words in the Latin original that were not to be found in the people's

Lairdin ná riaib i mbéal na ndaoineach le fada, ír nári b'fuirferte o'fagbáil ari leabhríai.

Ní ceart d'úinni dearfmhar do déanamh ari Seagán Mac Éil, Áirt-earbog Túama. Do júnne an feair oiliúdearach riam airtluisgeach blártá ari an "Pentateuchon," i., na cíng leabhair atá i bhfíor-choraí an tSeán-Tairbeáin air. Ír móri an tliuairis nári léig ré 11a Móriúda ír do Hómeir, ír airtluisgeach do déanamh ari an Sgríbhinn Tíadha ari fad.

Ní d'óidh linn guri rígríobhaí aon phróir ír fhiu d'áireamh ó obairi Óomhaill uí Shúilleabham guri cuimheach ari bun "Iuirleabhar na Gaeöilge," ór cionn fiúe bliadán ó roin.

Do júnne "Cumann Duana-comháontana Gaeöilge" a lán éum an Gaeöealgs do múnach inr na rígoileamháib, agus éum i do chui ari agair le neart céad-leabhrán rímplíthe. Acht ní riaib mórián le fagbáil ari a riaib fionn Gaeöealgs do rígríobhaí. Ba deacairi Seagán Pléimion féin do meallaú éum leatánaí pribóir do chui le céile—ciodh guri blártá, bhríosúil ari i a caint.

Do chait Conníuair na Gaeöilge toraí a raoisair ag cairpriúit ír ag fuirferte le namhadtair na teangeal ní, ír ní riaib uam aca ari fuithe príor ír maectnáim ari obairi litriúseacsta. Do bí aon phéann amáin, amáic, ari fead ná haimriúie seo ná riaib thíomhaom. Tá caint an Átar Peadarí 11a Laoighaire comh ríleamhain, comh milír, comh bhríosúil ari tár ri le fagbáil i n-aon trácht d'ári peanéar. Tá príor ríleáiri, milír, grieannnta inr na mion-leabhríair atá cuimhne amáic ó n-a láinn, agus ní ríor do fóir, ór deairbh go bfuil juan a béal 'ra láin do'n Gaeöilg atá le feicimint gáé aon tréachtáin inr na páipréaraib. Feair aigeantaí rígléipeac, neimh-rípleabhaí ead an Átar Peadarí. Tá aon locht amáin agamh le fagbáil ari a chuid oibre. Sgríobhann ré iomairca le hagair an

language for a long time back and which it was difficult to get in books.

We must not forget John Mac Hale, Archbishop of Tuam. That distinguished man made an excellent translation of "The Pentateuch" that is the five first books of the Old Testament. It is a pity that he meddled with Moore or Homer, and did not instead, translate the entire Bible.

We do not think any prose worth referring to was written since Daniel O'Sullivan's work until the *Gaelic Journal* was started more than twenty years ago. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language did a great deal to get Irish taught in the schools, and to forward it by simple elementary books, but not many were to be found who were anxious to write Irish. It was hard to induce even John Fleming to put a page of prose together, although his style was beautiful and forceful.

The Gaelic League spent the beginning of its life struggling and contending with the enemies of that tongue, and its members had not time to sit down and think out literary work. There was one pen, however, which during that time was not idle. Father Peter O'Leary's style is as smooth, as harmonious and as forceful as any to be found at any period of our history. The little books he has produced, contain clear, melodious, beautiful prose. And he is not yet going to desist, as his style is plainly to be seen in much of the Irish that is to be found in the weekly papers. Father Peter is an intellectual, humorous, independent man. We have one fault to find with his work. He writes

aoír foighlumha, iŋ baineann an níð rín an ḡr̄iúr iŋ an tatačac aŋ a čuio ḡr̄iúr. Tá rúil agamn rul a ḡdajifam leiř ſo ṭataþraitóré obairi éigim trúinn ná beið lán do piáitótiš capta, aŋi ron na ḡsoláijirde, acht obairi čuijifeair átac iŋ mójroáil aŋi fíori-Ḣaeðilgeoiriøiš.

Le teacét na nuað-aoiře, amáč, táid na r̄gamail ag r̄gairpead. Tá lučt léigte na Šaeðilge ag dul i mbriéir agus ijr deacairi iad do járam; ní t̄erðeann gac aon piáiméig jíor leo m̄ari ba ḡnátač tamall ó j̄oin. Táid oibrieaca na rean-uðoarí go b̄liaðainteamail dá ḡcui amáč, ijr cuijipr̄i an n̄ið j̄in r̄pionnað ari an aor óg éum a ḡcimeann do leanainn. Tá an ḍiáma Šaeðealač 'nápi meařs agus glaoðač ari. Tá glaoðač leir ari j̄riór Šaeðealač 'jna ráipréariaib laečeamla ijr reac̄tmaineamla, agus ní fuláipi do'n aipie tuigtarí anoir do Šaeðilge n̄i na r̄goileannaiib a c̄ui ḍíriačaiib ari uðoariaib leabhaiji beac̄ta, b̄rióðm̄aria, milj̄-b̄riat̄riača do ḍabaijtuača. Atá óg-uðoarí, leir, ór na c̄rioc̄aiib i n-a ӯfui an Šaeðealgs fójr 'n-a tuile, dá ḍtaijþeánað f̄ein ó b̄liaðain go b̄liaðain. Ní ḍéantají deapimad ari óriáit-eac̄t, leir, m̄ari ijr r̄riór óriáitdeac̄t ḡui m̄ori ijr f̄iu é, agus ó ciúinigsead an ḡuit Šaeðealač ari an alltóiri ijr b̄riónač m̄ari do j̄innead failligé ði. Le f̄ada j̄iam, faijíori! tá an óriáitdeac̄t Éireannač ari f̄ad nac̄ m̄ori i mb̄éapila, ac̄t le cúpla b̄liaðan tá at̄arjusðač ag teac̄t ari an r̄aoðal. Ijr f̄eitóiri anoir óriáit ӯlasta Šaeðealač do éloijint annro ijr annrúð, agus do j̄eipí gac̄ deall-piaim, ní f̄ada þeitdeam ag f̄iteam le j̄eim óriáitdeac̄ta i n-Šaeðilg, iorí diaða ijr r̄aoðalta, ari a m̄berð meař ag an doim̄an uile, ijr nápi m̄ijste a c̄ui i ḡcomójtar le hóriáitdeac̄t na ӯfjaničač ijr na n-Šriéigseac̄.

too much for the use of students, and that circumstance takes the force and virtue out of his prose. We trust before he has done that he will publish some work, such as will not be crammed with cross-idioms for the sake of scholars, but a work such as will be a source of joy and pride to true Irish readers.

At the setting in of the new century the clouds are breaking. The readers of Irish are increasing in number, and it is becoming more difficult to satisfy them. Every rubbish will not content them as was the case some time ago. The works of the older writers are yearly being published and this will inspire the young with enthusiasm to follow in their footsteps. The Irish drama has come amongst us and there is demand for it. There is also demand for Irish prose in the daily and weekly papers, and, further, the attention now paid to Irish in the schools, will constrain writers to produce accurate, substantial, smoothly written works. Youthful authors, too, from those districts where there is yet a flood of Irish, are beginning to put in an appearance from year to year. Oratory, also, is not neglected, for oratory is a very valuable kind of prose, and since the Irish voice was hushed in the pulpit, it has fallen into sad neglect. Alas! the oratory of Ireland has now for a long period been entirely in English. But within the past few years there has come a change on the face of things. One can now hear a splendid Irish speech here and there, and in all likelihood we shall not long have to wait for a school of Irish oratory, both religious and secular, which the world will respect and which will bear comparison with the oratory of France and of Greece.

FOCLÓIR.

(*Contractions* :—*m.* = masculine; *f.*, feminine; *gs.*, genitive singular; *pl.*, plural, &c.)

aoisíneadh, vigorous.

aois, *m.*, a lighting up, a kindling; teme aóonta, a kindling fire.

aóthair, *m.*, a number, quantity (chiefly used in Munster in this sense); aóthair beag, a small number.

áis, *m.*, prosperity, luck, fate (more usually written aó).

airbhéireadh, strange, extraordinary.

análeas, *m.*, misfortune (aím negative); dul aí a análeas, to go on the path of misfortune.

angeal fóirí-comháontas, *m.*, a guardian angel.

áipse, *f.*, a direction, point of the compass, district.

áip, in phrase, le hair, beside, near. At page 21, line 3, *for* to Dublin, *read* beside Dublin.

airteagáin. I change; hence, change from one language to another, translate.

aitéim, I beg, beseech, clamour for.

aitearáin, act of persuading or convincing (used with aí).

aitearas, *m.*, delight.

amach, however, nevertheless.

amás, *m.*, an attempt (to strike), a hostile attack.

anál, *f.*, a breath, breathing; anal do éarráint, to pause.

anróid, *m.*, hardship turmoil.

aoisgeacht, *f.*, abode, lodging, hospitality.

aon-am, *m.*, one and the same time; o'aon am (*pronounced* óé n-am). of set purpose; o'aon gnó is used in a similar sense.

aom-féas, one-man; comhac aomfír, a duel, a single combat.

aontúagáin, I harmonize.

aontúagáid, *m.*, a conspiring together, a league.

áit, *m.*, a ford; atá áit éigin le fágáil aí Aoife, Aoife is in some way easy to deal with; some kindness remains to her.

átharrúagáid, *m.*, change, transformation.

áthearait, *f.*, act of beseeching.

báis, *f.*, friendship; ní óeaéaró báis a gcomh-úaltácaír i bhfuairfe, the affection cherished in their fosterage did not grow cold.

báinnír, *f.*, a wedding feast.

baoit-gléas, *m.*, empty boasting, idle prating.

bárgáin, I wound, destroy.

bean, *f.*, a woman. In phrase roip peap agus bean, both men and women, bean is not declined.

bean éaoimte, *f.*, a lamenting woman, a professional keener.
beirfim (with *af*) signifies I seize hold of ; *also*, I overtake.
beo-millleasō, *m.*, a living ruin.

břatasm, I judge, consider, expect.

břis, *f.*, strength, essence ; *ðá břis fín*, from the virtue of that, therefore, owing to that.

břusasō-čpoisōe, *m.*, heart-felt regret.

buaðac, victorious.

buað-fočal, *m.*, an epithet, an adjective,

buailim, I strike (as with a stick) ; *also*, I strike (across the country), *with um*, I strike upon, meet.

buæn-čomþas, *m.*, a prolonged quarrel.

carþeasō, *m.*, acquaintance, familiarity.

cáil, *f.*, appearance, quality, characteristic.

caint, *f.*, talk ; style, mode of expression.

caþta, entangled, twisted (of style).

ceann, *m.*, a chief ; ceann upparð, a general of an army.

ceapam, I conceive, plan.

ceap magasō, *m.*, a laughing-stock (ceap, a block ; magasō, ridicule).

ceaptæct, *f.*, correctness (ceapt, right) ; ceaptæct þávte, propriety of words or expression.

ciatlungsō, I signify.

cleætam, I practise (make a practice or habit of), *and therefore*, I habituate myself to.

cloë-bun, *m.*, a foundation.

cluicim, I hunt.

cnearftæct, *f.*, gentleness.

cočal (cočall) *m.*, *primarily means* a hood, a magic dress ; *and figuratively*, enthusiasm for a thing ; cuiþ cočal opt fén cweþe fín, be in earnest about that thing ; get enthusiastic over it.

comtrigteasō, wild, strange, foreign.

comme, *m.*, a meeting, a reunion.

com-ðalta, *m.*, one of a family of foster-children, a foster-brother.

com-ðaltaeasō, *m.*, fellow-fosterage.

comgasaæct, *f.*, vicinity (com and gav), i gcomgasaæct do, in the neighbourhood of.

comóptasō, *m.*, comparison.

complaæct, *m.*, a company, a band of followers.

comþromæct, *f.*, equal weight, justice.

cor-éavtrhom, light-footed.

cormalaéct, *f.*, likeness, comparison ; *márt* **cormalaéct**, as a representation (of, *do*).

craobh-írgaoilim, I explain (craobh and írgaoilim, I separate).

craann, *m.*, a staff, **craann baigair**, a staff to threaten with.

cristianitéadéct, *f.*, christianity.

cruaðaéct, *f.*, valour.

cruithe-láir, *m.*, the very centre.

cruimic, *f.*, a record, a chronicle.

cruaird-éceirft, *f.*, a vexed problem, a difficulty.

cumhum, I put, place, set ; *with ríor* and *ári*, I describe : **cum ríor** *ári* máire to **bán**, describe the beauty of women.

cumhangraéct, *f.*, a limited space, press, closeness, difficulty ; *i gcoman-* **gráeáct comhaearfáir**, in the press of fight.

cumhra, sweet-scented, fragrant.

cum ipteac, interference with, influence over (*ári*) ; **gán cum ipteac** *ári* **le rímac**, without its being influenced by oppression.

daíl, *f.*, a meeting ; *i ndaíl a céile*, meeting one another.

daonna, relating to a human being, human.

daor-þrúid, *f.*, slavery, bondage.

dáraéct, bold, fearless ; *more usually dáraéctaéct*.

dáctamhlaéct, *f.*, brilliancy, beauty (**dáct**, colour), **dáctamhlaéct foillriscte**, brilliancy of description.

deag-áigéantac, fair-minded.

deag-þéar, *m.*, a good habit ; *in pl.* polished manners.

deallgrámaéct, having the appearance of probability, probable, likely.

dearbhuiúim I assert (solemnly, as a witness) ; **do dearbhuiú éíteac**, who gave false testimony.

dearþ-þáraéct, *m.*, a barren desert (**dearþ** is intensive).

dearþena, polished, fine, elegant.

deirþiruóeac, *f.*, a difference (often spelled **deitþiruóeac**).

deim, in *phrase* **pá déim**, towards (after verbs of motion).

diaðaéct, *f.*, theology.

dioðgráir, *f.*, zeal.

díon, *m.*, shelter, cover ; **pá díon na rpréir**, under the cover of the sky, *i.e.*, in the open air.

dlúcht-écomhaearfáir, *m.*, close combat.

dóctam, *f.*, sufficiency ; **go þrumil dóctam ann.** in which there is a sufficiency or enough.

drama, *m.*, drama, play.

droic-áigneac, *m.*, ill-will,

- ðroč-élaonta.** *m. pl.*, evil passions (rarely used in singular, as a substantive).
ðroč-matičær. *m.*, used in the positive sense of mischief or misdoing.
ðraorðeact. *f.*, enchantment, magic, spell, wizardry.
ðrum. the back : in phrase ðá ðrum þin, for that reason, on that account.
ðubrónač. sad, sorrowful.
ðúl. *f.*, longing, desire : ðúl cvoře, a heart-felt longing or aspiration.
ðul, *m.*, means, opportunity ; gán ðul aš párte břeit̄ ař, no child.
 being permitted to handle it.
ðačt, *m.*, a great or heroic event, an episode.
ðagnac̄t, *f.*, wisdom, prudence.
ér̄gm. I call out, shout, cry.
ér̄teac̄t, *m.*, a falsehood, perjury.
þár, *m.*, a growth : þár na haon oróče, a mushroom.
þeipteær, *m.*, a banquet.
þiočmářeact, *f.*, rage, cruelty.
þiopčaom, hearty ; an epithet of þáilte, welcome.
þim, even ; in such phrases as, þiu a þéačam̄t, even his look.
þóðurigče. founded, established (on, ař).
þóðrač, *m.*, proclamation, advertisement.
þoilligčim, I display, describe, illustrate.
þoirþbēc, aged, having the effects of age (pronounced þoimigče).
þonn, *m.*, desire, liking ; ní þaib̄ ré ðóðonn opča, they had no inclination.
þuaro, in phrase, ař þuaro, also, ař þuro, throughout.
þuatčam̄, I hate, detest.
þuibleař, bloody.
þummeaňaił, vigorous.
þunte, kneaded, hence, worked up, put together (as a poem).
þunþre, contention with (le), friction, pressure.
þulájv. in phrase ní þulájv tóum̄, we must.
þabaoč, *m.*, want, need ; nioř þabaoč óvíb̄, they had no need.
þaipčim, I call ; with ař, I name.
þalán, *m.*, a stone said to have been cast or hurled by giants ; a "galán."
þeal-aðarcač, white-horned.
þeall, *m.*, a promise, pledge ; in phrase, iř þeall le ðraorðeact, it is
 the same as, or, like magic.
þearf, *f.*, obligation ; þearfa were conditions and obligations which must
 be carried out and discharged under pain of evil, or at best, unpleasant
 consequences in case of failure ; bí ré do þeapčaib̄ ař, he was under
 obligations or yeats.
þleacarče, *m.*, a combatant, fighter.
þopm-břuac̄t, *m.*, a green margin.

ταρραέτ, *m.*, an attempt : το ἐνσασαρ ταρραέτ, they made an attempt.

ιονάργεαέτ, *f.*, imaginative ness, imagery.

ιονάναιδε, *m.*, a hurler.

ιονέαραι, I bear ; *with reflex. pronouns* mé pén, &c., I comport myself, I behave.

ιονηργάιλ, *f.*, wrestling.

ιονημαίλ, eager, attentive.

ιαρνεαμαίλ, Latin-like.

ιαοέαρ, *m.*, heroism.

ιαοέρα, a band of heroes, *a collective noun* ; ιαοέ, *a single hero*.

ιαραμαίλ, full of fire, blazing, brilliant.

ιεαυήγέε, flagged over (ιεα, a flagstone), entombed, buried, embeded.

ιεάτ, *f.*, side, part, direction ; πά ιεάτ, aside, apart ; ατά γέ ιειρ pén πά ιεάτ, it stands alone.

ιεάτ-ταοβ, *f.*, a side, direction ; ι ιεάτ-ταοιβ, aside.

ιειρ-ξοιο, *f.*, extensive theft, plunder.

ιειρ-μαίρε, *f.*, brilliant beauty.

ιειρ-μίλλεαό, *m.*, complete destruction.

ιιονίτα, polished, adorned.

ιιονηραέτ, *f.*, a flashing brilliancy.

ιιονηραό, *m.*, a shining, brilliancy, effulgence.

ιιαργαί, I swing, rock ; πά ιιαργαό, being rocked.

ιιαγνίονιαρτά, *pl. of* ιιαγνίον, a youthful or boyish exploit.

ιιαλ-έιμεαč, of slow and stately gait.

ιιασαρ, *m.*, metre (Latin metrum).

ιιι-ένεαρταέτ, *f.*, offensiveness.

ιιιανάč, *m.*, a vein : ιιιανάέ οιηργηε θρίογήμαρ, a vein of vigorous eloquence.

ιιιιγίμ, I reduce to a fine state, smooth out (*difficulties*), explain.

ιιιο-νάτούρ, *m.*, unnaturalness.

ιιιο-νάρεаč, bold, audacious, stubborn.

ιιιορсайр, *f.*, ill-will, malice.

ιιιон-έаéт, *m.*, an episode in a narrative, a bye-plot.

ιио, *m.*, manner, fashion : ιио ποιηριγέε, style of description.

ιиор-бог, *m.*, a large miscellany (*of stories, &c.*)

ιиор-έроиðеаéт, *f.*, great-heartedness.

ιииинтеарвдар, *m.*, friendship.

ιиуѓайлт, *f.*, act of composing as verses (*literally act of awakening*).

иаé мор, almost.

иату́ртá, according to nature, natural.

иенáн-ξнáтæé unusual, out of the common, exceeding.

neamh-*gróileadh*, independent, uncompromising,
neamh-*córamail*, unprofitable.

nuairó-eagáin, *m.*, a new or modern setting.

oileim, I train up, education ; *tú* *hoileadh* *le* *sgrádh*, who were trained up under Seathach.

oícheannáid, suitable, fitting, adopted to.

oráidheacáit, *f.*, oratory.

oráidheoir, *m.*, an orator.

págánaid, non-christian, pagan.

pléir, *m.*, act of struggling against.

próf, *m.*, prose, a word derived from the Latin, and of well-established use in Irish. *Cáint* *rgurda* is used in the same sense : it is opposed to what is arranged according to metre.

puinn, *m.*, much, *used with negative* ; *ní* *puinn*, not much, little *or nothing* (It is an error to take *puinn* as equivalent to *point*, *jot*.)

ráméir, *f.*, rhapsody rubbish.

péird-bán, *m.*, a level plain.

raibhreacáit, *f.*, richness. *neart* *is* *raibhreacáit* *iomáigéadta*, abundance and wealth of imagery,

ranasón, *m.*, a glossary, a vocabulary.

raoir, free, liberated ; *raoir* *ar* Chonchubhar, free from Conchubhar.

ráir-éneartáid, *f.*, great gentleness of spirit.

rárúsgáid, *m.*, excelling, overcoming. *níl* *a* *rárúsgáid* *le* *raghdáil*, they are unsurpassed.

rean-cumhá, *m.*, a tradition, reminiscence.

rean-fóthraid, *m.*, an old ruin.

rean-uaidh, *m.*, an ancient author.

rgéaluráe, *m.*, a story-teller.

rgurda, loose, unbound. *Cáint* *rgurda*, prose, as distinguished from verse, which is bound up into lines and verses by metrical laws.

rlaéituiríngáid, adorned, finished off.

rnáit, *m.*, thread ; *rnáit* *a* *fhaoisail*, the thread of his life.

rfop, *m.*, rest, cessation ; *ní* *rfop* *dóibh* *rfóir*, they are not yet extinet.

rrapáir, *m.*, a period, limit of time.

rréimeamhláid, *f.*, loveliness.

rréir, *f.*, heed, care ; *ná* *cumhaonn* *ré* *rréir* *mnáe*, that he heeds her not, is not interested in her.

rtíocamh, 1 surrender, submit.

tám, *f.*, a flock, a spoil, a plunder ; *fig.*, a story of spoil or plunder.

taife, *f.*, rest, quiet ; *níor* *taife* *ó* *aoife*, Aoife had not rest, did not rest content.

ταιρτεάλ, *m.*, journey, visiting, round, circuit : τά α τοεαγτάλ ἀπ̄ να
δαομιθ, they circulate among, or are within the reach of the people.

ταρηγαιρεάct, *f.*, prophecy ; le neart ταρηγαιρεάcta, by the force of prophecy.

τεανντά, *m.*, a prop ; in-a τεαннtа rain, propping up that, in addition to that, besides.

τεαρ-αιγνεάd, *m.*, mental enthusiasm, warmth of soul; *properly* τεαρ αιγνιd. τοράd, *m.*, heed, care, fruit, produce, result.

τραιξιόeacτ, *f.*, a tragedy.

τρεαр, *m.*, a battle, a skirmish, the array or ranks of battle.

τρέιτεαmail, accomplished, gifted.

τρυαιξméil, *f.*, pathos.

υέт, *m.*, the breast ; in-υέт an бaoгaiL, in the breast of danger, against danger.

υmaiL, *f.*, attention, ken : cuipio i n-υmaiL дúinn, they remind us.

υллmact, *f.*, readiness.

υр-δоржсuzаd, *m.*, an eclipse, a darkening over, an obscuring.

υр-мóр, *m.*, the greater part, the majority ; also written բорհóր, and so pronounced in spoken language of Munster ; also sometimes բոմóր.

υрраd, *m.*, a chief ; see ceann.

At page 72, line 15, for бéal áta an Shionnaин, read бéal áta Seanairg.

NOTE.—In the name of the tract, “ТóгaiL Եjuրóne
Оá Թеиざ,” read ТoгaiL ; and in page 17, line 20, read
Destruction for Taking.



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